

# CORNELL SONGS





*Charles N. Tucker '20.*

CHARLES K. TUCKER

CHARLES K. TUCKER

CHARLES K. TUCKER





# CORNELL SONGS

PUBLISHED AND COMPILED BY THE BOARD OF EDITORS AT THE  
AUTHORIZATION OF THE AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION OF THE NEW YORK  
STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY



HINDS, HAYDEN & ELDREDGE, INC.  
NEW YORK CITY

COPYRIGHT 1906, 1909, 1914, 1915,  
By HINDS, HAYDEN & ELDREDGE, Inc



## PREFACE

---

### FELLOW CORNELLIANs:

At the direction of the Students Association of the College of Agriculture, we have revised the last edition of songs and have even more carefully selected the ones for this, the fourth and by far the largest edition, our constant aim being to make every page attractive. For historic preservation and interest we have searched every possible source for old Cornell songs. Moreover, we have tried to collect the best and most widely known songs of the other universities and have also made every effort to secure the best collection of present day college songs and to complete the collection with the best of those songs "that never grow old."

Although we have been prevented from publishing many songs that we should have liked in the book because of stringent copyright laws, nevertheless, we have been unusually fortunate in securing the right to publish many songs not heretofore found in such a collection.

We acknowledge obligations to the following music publishers for permissions: Hinds, Noble & Eldredge; Lloyd Adams Noble; Leo Feist, Inc.; John Church Co.; G. Schirmer, Inc.; M. Witmark & Sons; T. B. Harms and Francis, Day & Hunter; F. A. Mills; Jos. W. Stern & Co.; The Seventh Regiment of New York; Walter Jacobs. Others who have been of assistance in securing or granting permissions are: The Cornell University Athletic Association; The Cornell Masque; Dr. Burt G. Wilder; Dr. H. P. De Forest, '84; Mr. C. W. Curtiss, '88; Mr. James T. Quarles; Mr. H. C. Cable; Dean Albert W. Smith, '84; Mr. Robert P. Butler, '05. To Mr. George Coleman, '94, whose advice and musical arrangements have been of inestimable value, we are also deeply indebted. It has indeed been a pleasure to work with and have the co-operation of all these gentlemen.

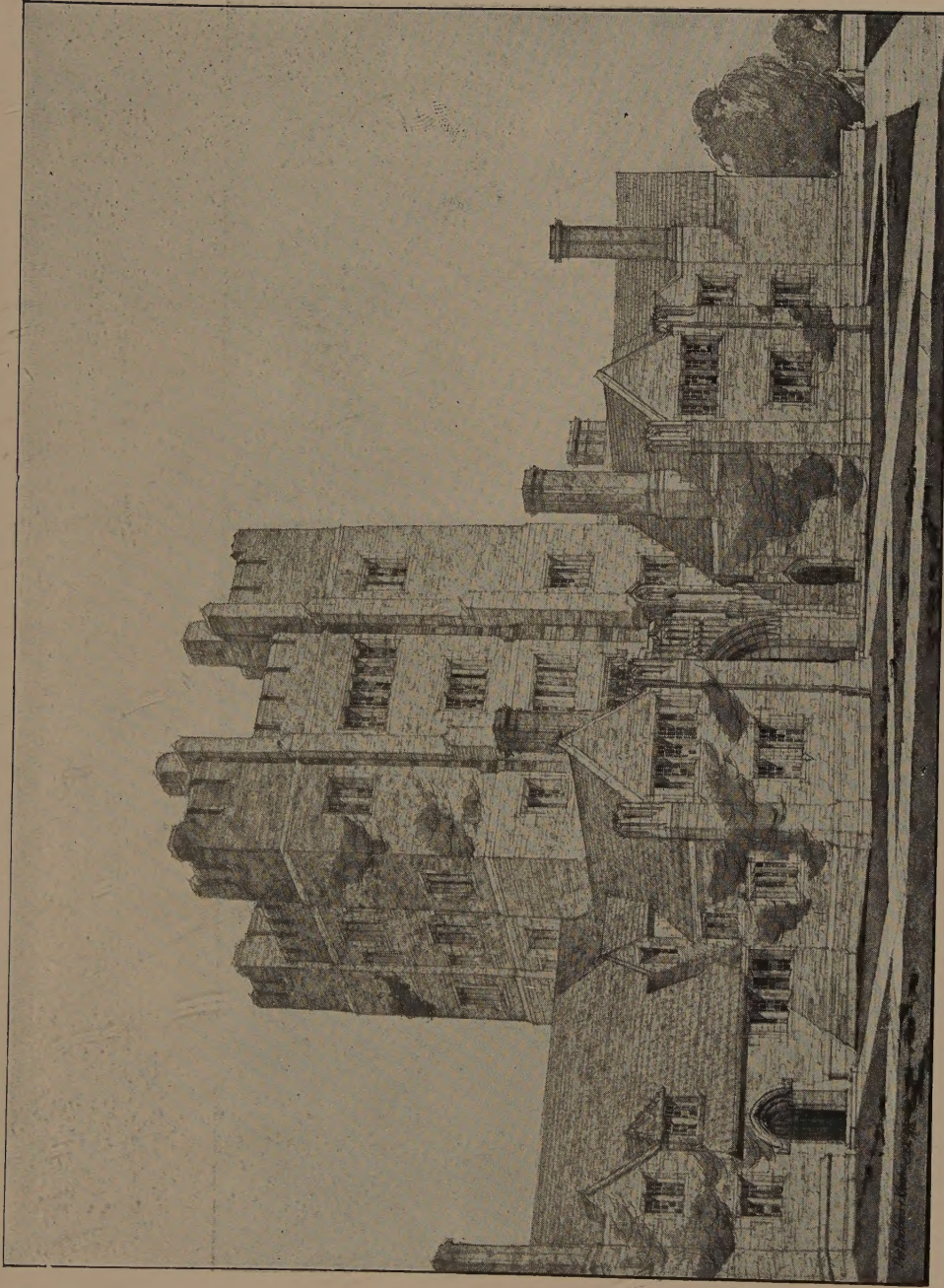
We trust that this compilation of songs will meet with the approval of the faculty, the student body and friends of Cornell; and, hoping it will be widely used and enjoyed, submit it to your judgment.

LEONARD C. TREMAN, '14  
Editor-in-Chief.

THAD. C. LOGAN, '16  
Managing Editor.



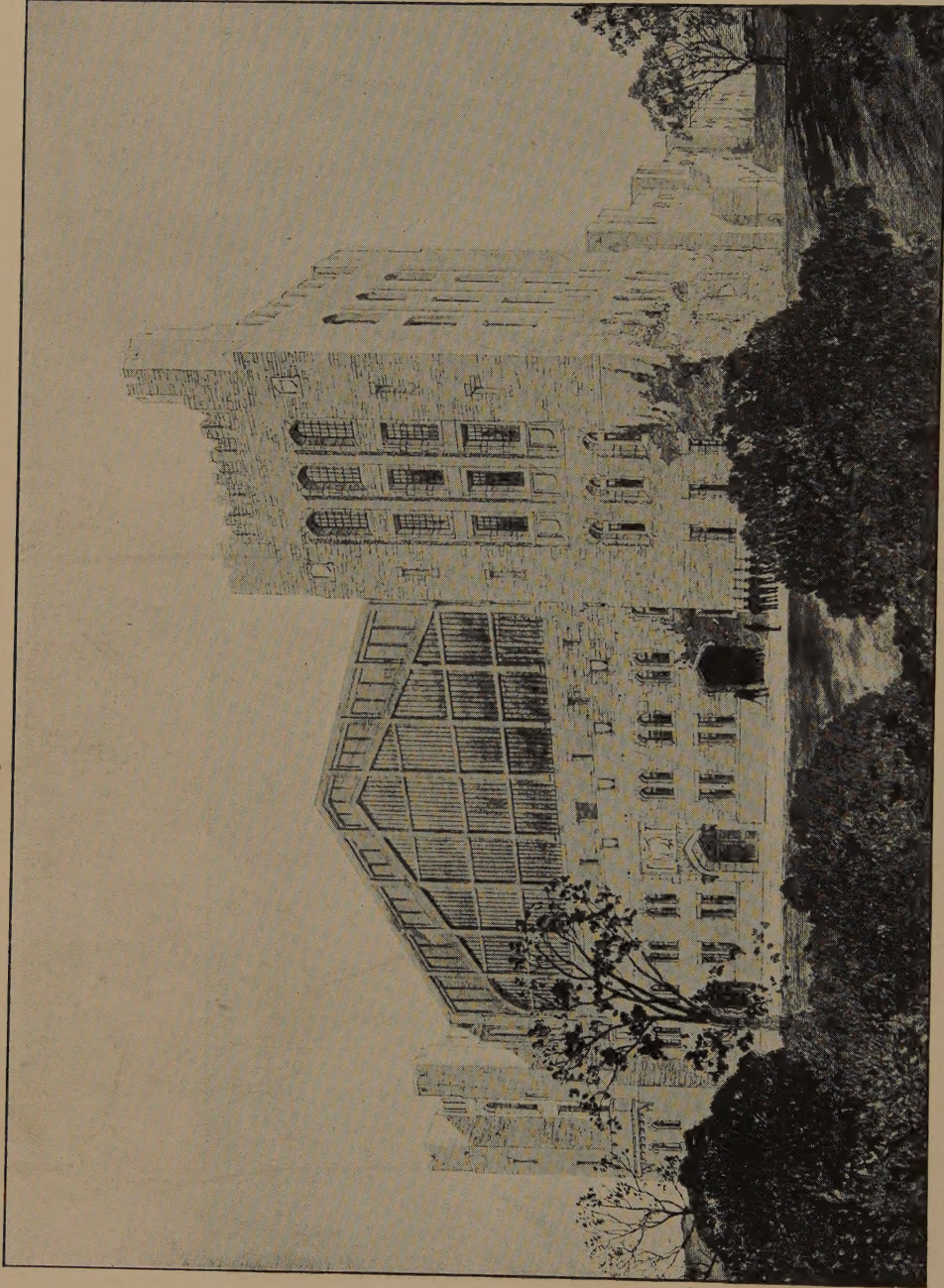




## THE NEW RESIDENCE HALLS.

A sketch of the Residential Hall for Cornell University, drawn by the architects, Messrs. Day & Klauder. The tower building is the northeast corner building of the group, situated where University and West Avenues join. It will hold about eighty students. This building is now in the process of construction, the walls being built of native Cayuga bluestone, which was used for the earliest buildings on the Campus.





## THE NEW ARMORY.

The new Armory will be one of the dominating features of the Campus, because of its size and imposing architecture. The site is between East and Garden Avenues and south of the Veterinary College. Its approximate cost will be \$350,000. It will be 412 feet long and 288 feet wide. The height from the ground to the peak of the roof will be 104 feet. It will cover more than two acres of ground, fourteen times the size of the present armory; the drill hall will have a greater area than a football field, will have a greater area than a New York City block, and will be larger than any of the regimental armories in that city. It will be the largest university drill hall in the United States.



# CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Alma Mater . . . . .	1	Germany-Land . . . . .	52
All 'Round the World, Cornell . . . . .	45	Girls of Ithaca, The . . . . .	38
Alumni Song . . . . .	35	Give My Regards to "Davy" . . . . .	22
And When I Die . . . . .	58	Glorious Mother-Cornell . . . . .	34
At Eight Upon The Hill . . . . .	3	Good-Night, Ladies ! . . . .	106
Auld Lang Syne . . . . .	106		
Australia . . . . .	48	H-e-r-p-i-c-i-d-e . . . . .	36
		Honey, Dat I Love So Well . . . . .	62
The Big Red Team or The Foot-Ball Song . . . . .	7		
Blow, Ye Winds, Heigh-Ho . . . . .	70	Isle of Delight, The . . . . .	42
Boating Song . . . . .	26	Juanita . . . . .	76
Bring the Wagon Home, John . . . . .	65		
Bustonian Chorus . . . . .	32	King of the Cannibal Islands, The . . . . .	60
By the Watermelon Vine, Lindy Lou . . . . .	66		
		Last Night . . . . .	78
Carnelian and White . . . . .	10	Levee Song . . . . .	54
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny . . . . .	72	Little Old Red Shawl, The . . . . .	64
Castle on the Nile . . . . .	53		
Chimes, The . . . . .	6	Midshipmite, The . . . . .	68
Cheer for The Team . . . . .	16	Moon, Moon . . . . .	61
Co-Eds' Chant . . . . .	62	My Old Kentucky Home . . . . .	80
Cornell . . . . .	2		
Cornell Hymn . . . . .	19	Old Black Joe . . . . .	83
Cornellio . . . . .	36	Old College Chum . . . . .	52
Cornell Victorious . . . . .	I	Old Folks at Home . . . . .	82
Cornell Yells . . . . .	5	Old Man Noah . . . . .	49
Crew Song . . . . .	29	One, Two, Three, Four . . . . .	36
Dear Old Pals . . . . .	64	Poughkeepsie Races, The . . . . .	28
Dixie's Land . . . . .	74		
Down by The Stream (Rebecca) . . . . .	37	Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep . . . . .	67
Down in Mobile . . . . .	56	Rowing Song . . . . .	27
Dreaming . . . . .	39		
Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes . . . . .	77	Sage Maidens . . . . .	38
		Santa Lucia . . . . .	79
1875—The Cornell Cheer . . . . .	4	Senior, Junior, Soph., Frosh. . . . .	36
Eli . . . . .	30	Soldier's Farewell . . . . .	75
Evening Song . . . . .	24	Song of the Classes, The . . . . .	35
Everybody Works but "Davy" . . . . .	73	Spanish Cavalier, The . . . . .	84
		Stars of the Summer Night . . . . .	65
Faculty . . . . .	73	Sweetheart, I Wait for Thee . . . . .	63
Fight for Cornell . . . . .	12		
Forty-Nine Bottles . . . . .	93	Tell Me, Maiden . . . . .	35
Founder's Centenary Hymn . . . . .	20		
Founder's Hymn . . . . .	21	Upon the College Campus . . . . .	63

## ALMA MATER SONGS OF OTHER COLLEGES

Campus Song (University of Rochester) . . . . .	102	Oh, Syracuse (Syracuse) . . . . .	105
Cheer for Old Amherst (Amherst) . . . . .	98	Old Nassau (Princeton) . . . . .	85
Dartmouth, Our Dartmouth . . . . .	95	Orange and the Black, The (Princeton) . . . . .	86
Dear Old Yale . . . . .	92	Our Director (Harvard) . . . . .	93
Fair Harvard . . . . .	94		
Genesee, The (University of Rochester) . . . . .	104	Princeton Cannon Song March, The . . . . .	87
Hail! Pennsylvania (Univ. of Pennsylvania) . . . . .	101	Royal Purple, The (Williams) . . . . .	96
Hamilton's Song (Hamilton) . . . . .	105	Yale Boola Song . . . . .	90
		Yellow and The Blue, The (Michigan) . . . . .	100





# CORNELL VICTORIOUS

March

Written and composed  
by S. H. AYER, Jr. Cornell '14

PIANO

The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piece is a march, characterized by its rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings. The score is divided into six systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The first system begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The second system includes a crescendo (cresc.) marking. The third system features a forte (f) dynamic marking, followed by a fortissimo (ff) marking. The fourth system includes a mezzo-forte (mf) marking. The fifth system includes a first ending bracket labeled '1'. The sixth system includes a second ending bracket labeled '2'. The score concludes with a final cadence.

Copyright 1915 by S. H. Ayer, Jr.

From blue Ca - yu - ga, From hill and

dell Far rings the sto - ry of the

glo - ry of Cor - nell. From east and

west the crash - ing ech - oes answ' - ring call.

Cornell Victorious 4



*ff* "Cor - nell Vic - to - ri - ous! *fff* The champions of

*ff cresc.* *fff*

*Fine* *ff* all!" Cheer! Cheer! Here we are a - gain to

*Fine* *ff*

cheer with all our might! Cheer! Cheer!

*ff* Here we are a - gain to cheer for the Red and White! Fight! Fight! Fight!

Cor nel - lian col - ors well de - fend. Cor -

nell vic - to - rious to the end Will hear the e - cho

of our cheer, Oh! Here we are! Here we are a - gain!

*D.S.*



# ALMA MATER.—CORNELL.

Words by C. K. Urguhart.

QUARTET.

1. Far a - bove Cay - u - ga's wa - ters, With its waves of blue, Stands our no - ble  
2. Far a - bove the bu - sy ham - ming Of the bust - ling town, Reared a - gainst the

The musical score for the Quartet section is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor 1, and Tenor 2) in G major (one sharp) and common time. The lyrics are: 1. Far a - bove Cay - u - ga's wa - ters, With its waves of blue, Stands our no - ble; 2. Far a - bove the bu - sy ham - ming Of the bust - ling town, Reared a - gainst the. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and repeat signs.

CHORUS.

Al - ma Ma - ter, Glo - ri - ous to view. Lift the cho - rus, speed it on - ward,  
arch of heav - en, Looks she proud - ly down.

The musical score for the Chorus section is written for four voices in G major and common time. The lyrics are: Al - ma Ma - ter, Glo - ri - ous to view. Lift the cho - rus, speed it on - ward, arch of heav - en, Looks she proud - ly down. The music includes a variety of note values and rests, with a repeat sign at the end of the first line.

Loud her prais - es tell; Hail to thee! our Al - ma Ma - ter, Hail, all hail, Cor - nell!

The musical score for the final section is written for four voices in G major and common time. The lyrics are: Loud her prais - es tell; Hail to thee! our Al - ma Ma - ter, Hail, all hail, Cor - nell! The music features a mix of note values and rests, with a repeat sign at the end of the first line.

Melody used by permission of OLIVER DUTTON COMPANY, owners of the copyright.

# CORNELL.

Words by G. K. Birge.

*mf* SOLO.

1. The sol - dier loves his gen - 'ral's fame, The wil - low loves the stream, The  
 2. The sol - dier with his sword of might, In blood may write his fame, The  
 TENORS.

BASSES. *p* Humming.

child will love its moth - er's name, The dream - er loves his dream; The  
 prince in mar - ble col - umns white May deep - ly carve his name; But

sail - or loves his hav - en's pier, The shad - ow loves the dell, The  
 grav - en on each stu - dent's heart There shall un - sul - lied dwell, While

stu - dent holds no name so dear, As thy good name, Cor - nell.  
 of this world they are a part, Thy own good name, Cor - nell.

# CORNELL.

TENORS. CHORUS.

We'll hon - or thee, Cor - nell, We'll hon - or thee, Cor - nell, While  
BASSES.

breez - es blow or wa - ters flow, We'll hon - or thee, Cor - nell!

## AT EIGHT UPON THE HILL.

Air: "Cornell."

1. The golden sun within the heaven -  
Is rising more and more,  
The clock has just been striking seven,  
The coon knocks at the door.  
I lie in bed and curse my fate  
And try to swear my fill—  
At those who haul me up at eight,  
On that accursed hill.

2. The Faculty who live in style  
Upon the hill together,  
They're not compelled to walk that mile  
In every sort of weather.  
God grant that in some future state,  
They may receive their fill,—  
May it be always nearly eight,  
And half way up the hill.

CHORUS.

At eight upon the hill,  
At eight upon the hill,  
It's getting late,  
I'll miss my eight o'clock upon the hill.



# 1875: THE CORNELL CHEER.

Words by  
John DeWitt Warner, '72.

Music by  
Archibald Crosswell Weeks, '72.

*mf*

1. 'Twas on a sun - ny sum - mer morn By Sar - a - to - ga's wa - ters born, That,  
2. 'Twas on a sum - mer e - ven bright That Ith - a - ca made day of night, And  
3. May Nep - tune smooth the way be - fore, May Tri - ton tug the bend - ing oar, And

*mf*

of our ri - val's hopes the knell, First rang the slo - gan of Cor - nell.  
from its rock-built home, the bell Rang wel - come back to glad Cor - nell.  
sea - born Ve - nus guide the shell That bears the for - tunes of Cor - nell.

*f*

Cor - nell I yell, yell, yell, Cor-nell; The ring - ing cheers the ech - oes swell, Till

(4)

# 1875: THE CORNELL CHEER.

an - swer lake and hill and dell; Cor - nell, I yell, yell, yell, Cor - nell!

## CORNELL YELLS.

### LONG.

C-O-R-N-E-L-L, C-O-R-N-E-L-L, C-O-R-N-E-L-L,  
Cor-nell, Cor-nell, I yell, yell, yell, Cor-nell,  
Cornell, Cornell, Cornell.

### SHORT.

Cornell, I yell,— yell,— yell, Cornell.

### LOCOMOTIVE.

Ray, Ray, Ray,  
C-O-R-N-E-L-L, Cornell,  
Ray, Ray, Ray,  
C-O-R-N-E-L-L, Cornell,  
C-O-R-N-E-L-L, C-O-R-N-E-L-L,  
Cornell, Cornell, Cornell.

### MARCHING OR DOUBLE.

*First division.*—Cor-nell. (*slow.*)  
*Second division.*—I yell, yell, yell. (*slow.*)

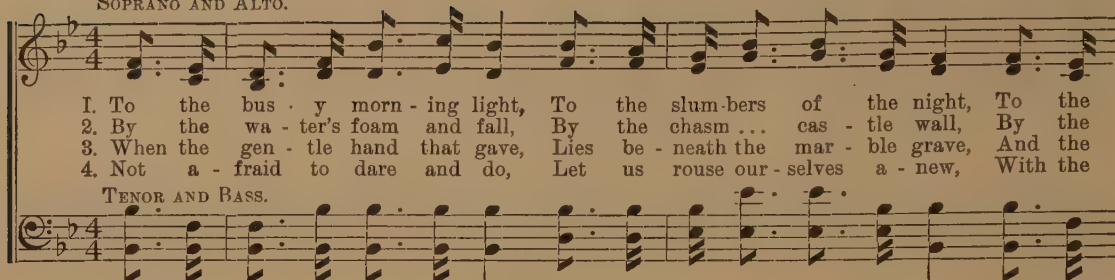
### SIREN.

Wh-o-o-o-oh, (*siren*) Ray, Cornell,  
Wh-o-o-o oh, (*siren*) Ray, Cornell,  
Wh-o-o-o-oh, (*siren*) Ray, Cornell.  
Cornell, I yell, yell, yell, Cornell.

# THE CHIMES.

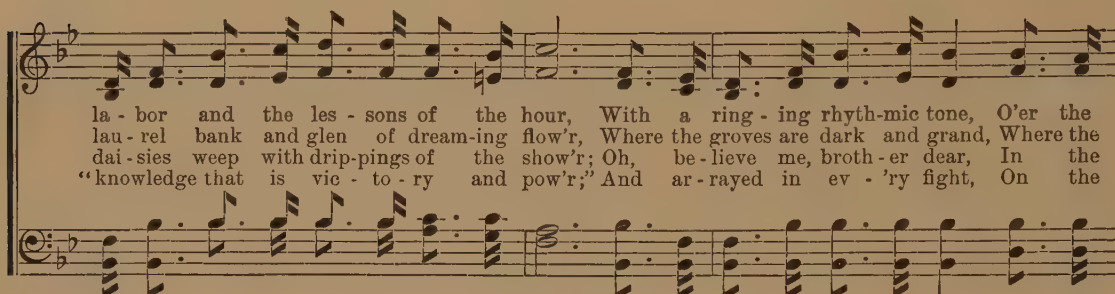
Music by Geo. F. Root.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

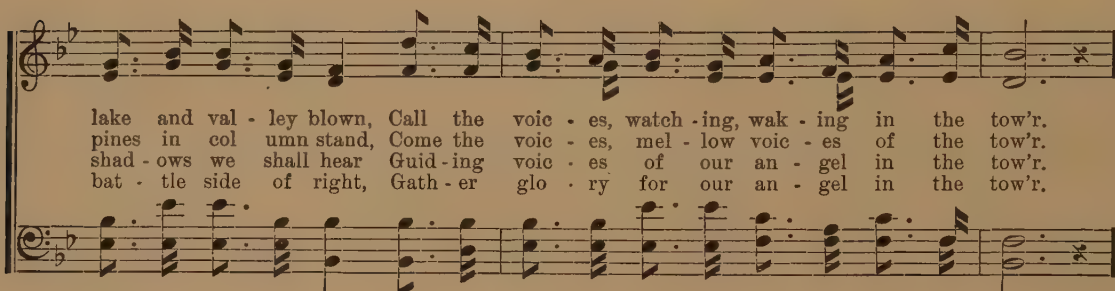


1. To the bus - y morn - ing light, To the slum - bers of the night, To the  
 2. By the wa - ter's foam and fall, By the chasm ... cas - tle wall, By the  
 3. When the gen - tle hand that gave, Lies be - neath the mar - ble grave, And the  
 4. Not a - fraid to dare and do, Let us rouse our - selves a - new, With the

TENOR AND BASS.

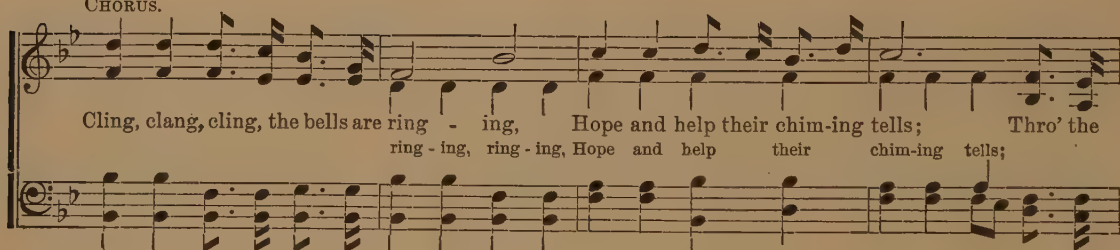


la - bor and the les - sons of the hour, With a ring - ing ryth-mic tone, O'er the  
 lau - rel bank and glen of dream - ing flow'r, Where the groves are dark and grand, Where the  
 dai - sies weep with drip - pings of the show'r; Oh, be - lieve me, broth - er dear, In the  
 "knowledge that is vic - to - ry and pow'r;" And ar - rayed in ev - 'ry fight, On the

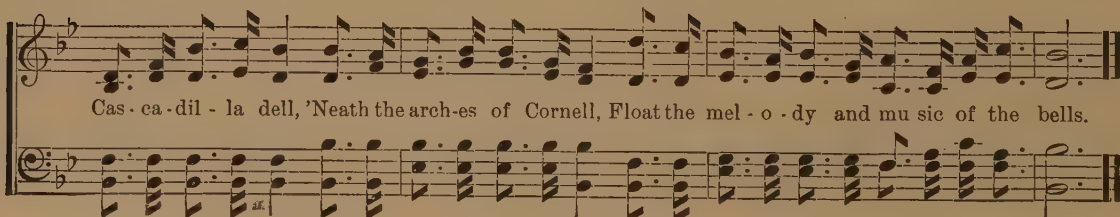


lake and val - ley blown, Call the voic - es, watch - ing, wak - ing in the tow'r.  
 pines in col umn stand, Come the voic - es, mel - low voic - es of the tow'r.  
 shad - ows we shall hear Guid - ing voic - es of our an - gel in the tow'r.  
 bat - tle side of right, Gath - er glo - ry for our an - gel in the tow'r.

CHORUS.



Cling, clang, cling, the bells are ring - ing, Hope and help their chim-ing tells; Thro' the  
 ring - ing, ring - ing, Hope and help their chim-ing tells;



Cas - ca - dil - la dell, 'Neath the arch - es of Cornell, Float the mel - o - dy and mu sic of the bells.



# THE BIG RED TEAM OR THE FOOT BALL SONG.

Words by Romeyn Berry, '04.

Music by C. E. Tourison, '06.

*Allegro.*

*Voice.*

1. See them plung-ing down to the  
2. Where the tow - ers rise o'er the

goal,                      See the rud - dy... ban - ners stream,                      Hear the  
lake,                      There our fires in the night shall gleam,                      And the

Used by permission of The Cornell University Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, owners of the copyright.

# THE BIG RED TEAM OR THE FOOT-BALL SONG.

*To be yelled. Yea! Yea! Yea!*

crash - ing ech - oes roll, As we cheer for the big red team.  
i - vied walls shall quake, As we cheer for the big red team,

This musical system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. This is followed by a quarter rest, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, and a half note G. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves. The right hand plays chords, and the left hand plays a simple bass line. The system ends with a double bar line.

## REFRAIN.

Cheer till the sound wakes the blue hills a-round, Make the scream of the north wind

This musical system continues the refrain. The vocal line starts with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. This is followed by a quarter rest, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, and a half note G. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The system ends with a double bar line.

yield To the strength of the yell from the men of Cor - nell, When the

This musical system continues the refrain. The vocal line starts with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. This is followed by a quarter rest, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, and a half note G. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The system ends with a double bar line.

# THE BIG RED TEAM OR FOOT-BALL SONG.

Yea! Yea!

big red team takes the field, Three thousand strong we march, march a-long, From our

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one flat). The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff in G major, featuring a bass line and a right-hand accompaniment consisting of chords. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

home on the gray rock height, Oh! the vic - t'ry is sealed when the

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue below the top staff.

team takes the field, And we cheer for the red and white.


This system contains the final three staves of the musical score on this page. The melody and accompaniment conclude with a double bar line. The lyrics conclude below the top staff.



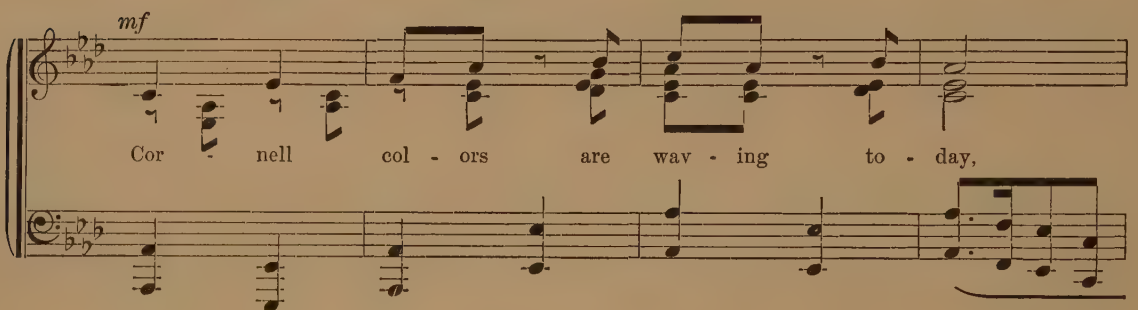
# CARNELIAN AND WHITE.

Words by K. L. Roberts, '08.

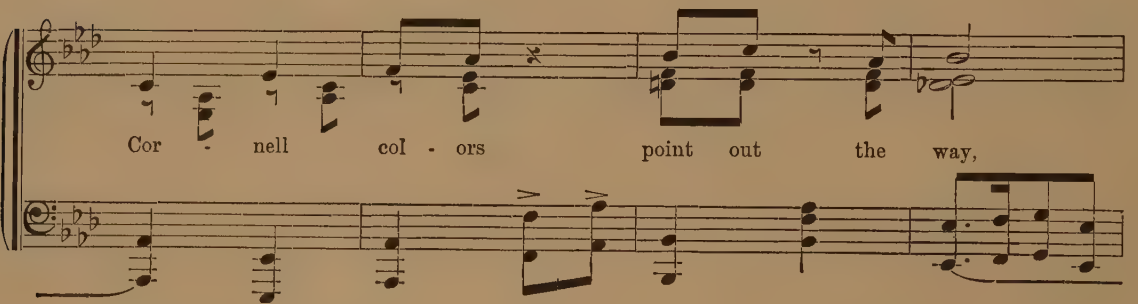
Music by T. J. Lindorff, '07.




Piano introduction in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



*mf*  
Cor - nell col - ors are wav - ing to - day,



Cor - nell col - ors point out the way,



*f*  
Stead - y and true 'gainst the red and the blue, Cor - nell must

Copyright, 1906, by CORNELL UNIVERSITY GLEE, BANJO AND MANDOLIN CLUBS. Used by permission.

# CARNELIAN AND WHITE.

yea, yea, yea,

win her way..... Nev - er yield - ing, she'll

fight to the end, with cour - age nev - er fail - -

ing; So we'll shout with our might for Car - nel - ian and

White, Cor - nell, I yell, yell, yell Cor - nell.....

I yell Cor - nell.



# FIGHT FOR CORNELL.

Words by K. L. Roberts, '08.

Music by T. J. Lindorff, '07.

From rock - y height.....

The first system of the song is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B-flat4. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with eighth-note chords and a left hand with a simple bass line.

..... we come to fight..... For the name Cor - -

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a half note B-flat4, and a whole note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

nell has made;..... And we can cheer..... with - out a

The third system concludes the phrase. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a half note B-flat4, and a whole note C5. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

Copyright, 1907, by CORNELL UNIVERSITY, Ithaca, N. Y. Used by permission.

# FIGHT FOR CORNELL

fear..... That her good name will ev - er fade.....

The first system of the musical score for 'Fight for Cornell'. It features a vocal line on a single treble staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note 'fear', followed by a quarter note 'That', an eighth note 'her', a quarter note 'good', an eighth note 'name', a quarter note 'will', an eighth note 'ev', a quarter note 'er', and ends with a half note 'fade'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with some notes beamed together.

..... Fight to the end,..... don't break or bend,..... Un - til our

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note 'Fight', a quarter note 'to', an eighth note 'the', a quarter note 'end', followed by a half note 'don't', an eighth note 'break', a quarter note 'or', an eighth note 'bend', and ends with a half note 'Un'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal textures and a bass line.

team has won the game;..... And fight for might, for

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note 'team', a quarter note 'has', an eighth note 'won', a quarter note 'the', an eighth note 'game', followed by a half note 'And', an eighth note 'fight', a quarter note 'for', an eighth note 'might', and ends with a half note 'for'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal textures and a bass line.



# FIGHT FOR CORNELL.

right, for Cor - nell's name,... For the glo - ry that brings us

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand treble clef staff and a left-hand bass clef staff. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

fame. Make all ad - vanc - - -

This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues with a half note followed by a quarter note. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

es strong and sure to - day,.....

This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line has a half note followed by a quarter note. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

Take all the chanc - es fate throws in

This system contains the final two staves of the page. The vocal line has a half note followed by a quarter note. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

# FIGHT FOR CORNELL.

the way. Fight for the

The first system of the musical score for 'Fight for Cornell'. It features a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics 'the way. Fight for the' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a steady eighth-note bass line.

glo - - - ry That is earned so well,.....

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'glo - - - ry That is earned so well,.....'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

..... Vic - - - to - ry makes his - to -

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics '..... Vic - - - to - ry makes his - to -'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

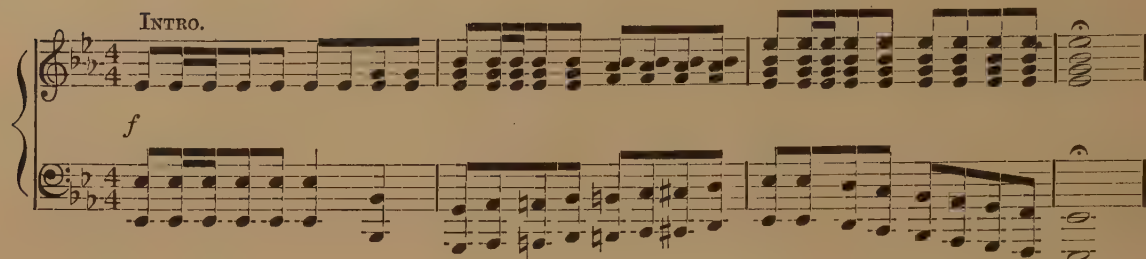
ry, So fight for... Cor - nell.....

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'ry, So fight for... Cor - nell.....'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

# CHEER FOR THE TEAM.

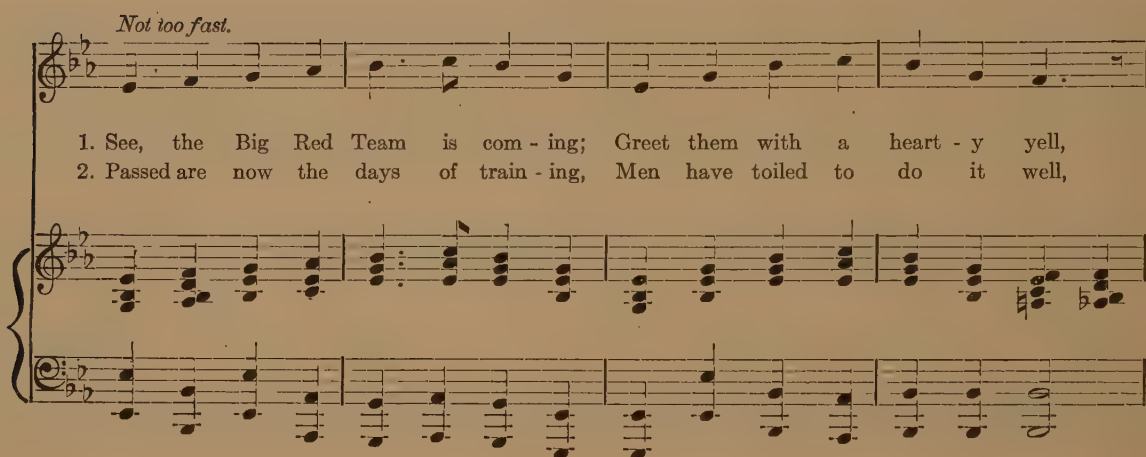
Words and music by C. W. Curtis, '88.

INTRO.

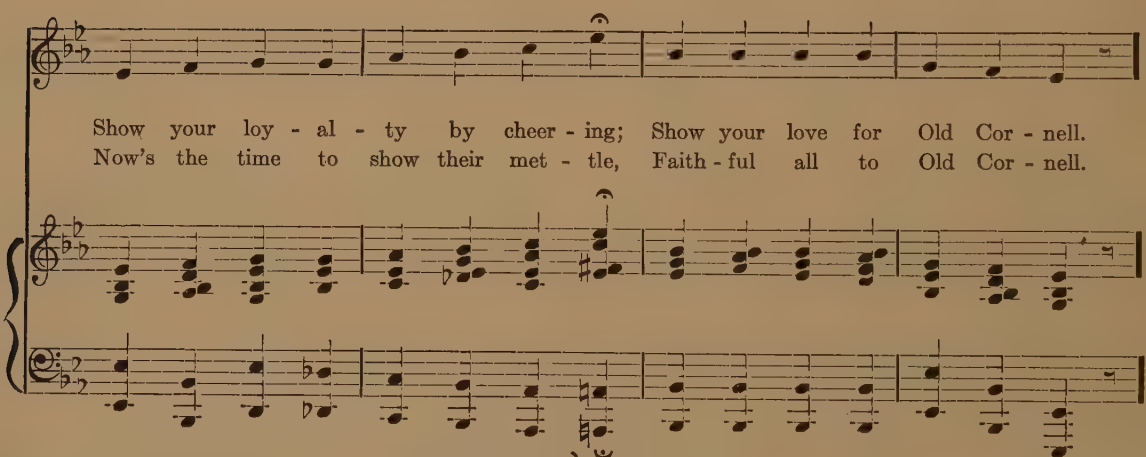


*Not too fast.*

1. See, the Big Red Team is com - ing; Greet them with a heart - y yell,  
2. Passed are now the days of train - ing, Men have toiled to do it well,



Show your loy - al - ty by cheer - ing; Show your love for Old Cor - nell.  
Now's the time to show their met - tle, Faith - ful all to Old Cor - nell.

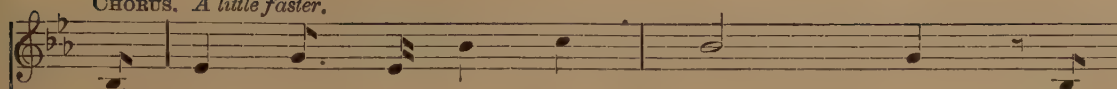


Copyright, 1915, by ROCHESTER CORNELL CLUB.  
Used by permission.

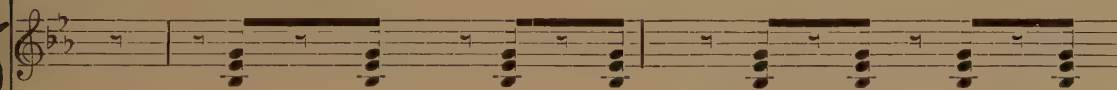


# CHEER FOR THE TEAM.

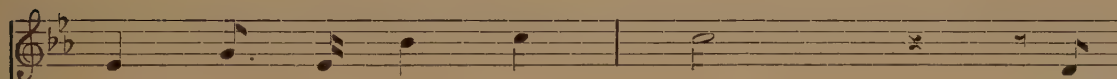
CHORUS. *A little faster.*



The bells in the tow'r ring clear, Boys, The  
Then cheer for the Big Red Team, Boys,



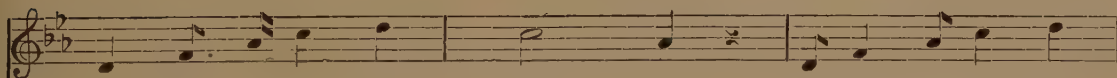
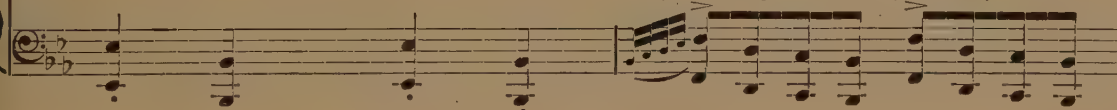
(Cornell I yell, yell, yell, Cornell.)



hills ech - o back the cry; Ca -  
Cheer, for you know them well.



(Cornell I yell, yell, yell, Cornell.)



yu - ga re - turns the cheer, Boys, Cor - nell must do or  
Cheer, for the game we love, Boys, Yell out for Old Cor -



(Cornell I yell, yell, yell, Cornell.)



# CHEER FOR THE TEAM.

die. Let out the grand old yell, Boys,  
nell. Now for a last big ROAR, Boys,

(Cornell I yell, yell, yell, Cornell.)

This system features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The piano part includes a prominent descending eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

Yell it with might - y din; Help weave a mag - ic  
Cheer them through thick and thin; Cheer till the vic - t'ry's

The second system continues the musical theme with similar vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with many beamed eighth notes.

spell, Boys, For the Big Red Team must win.  
ours, Boys, For the Big Red Team must win.

(Boom! b-r-r oom Boom Boom!)

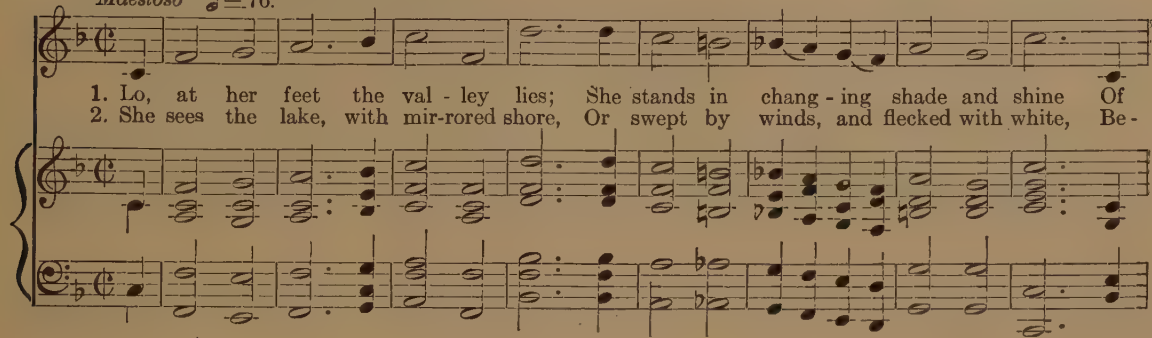
The final system concludes the piece with a strong vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a series of chords and a final, powerful ending.

# CORNELL HYMN.

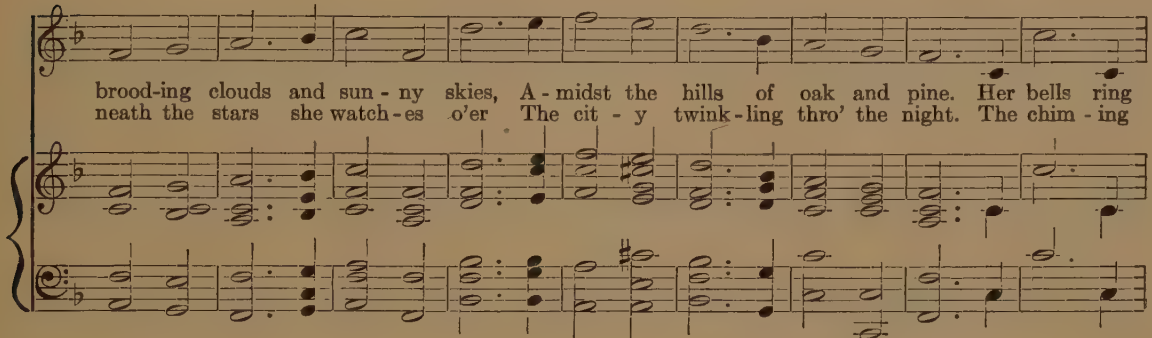
Words by Albert William Smith, '78.

Music by James T. Quarles.

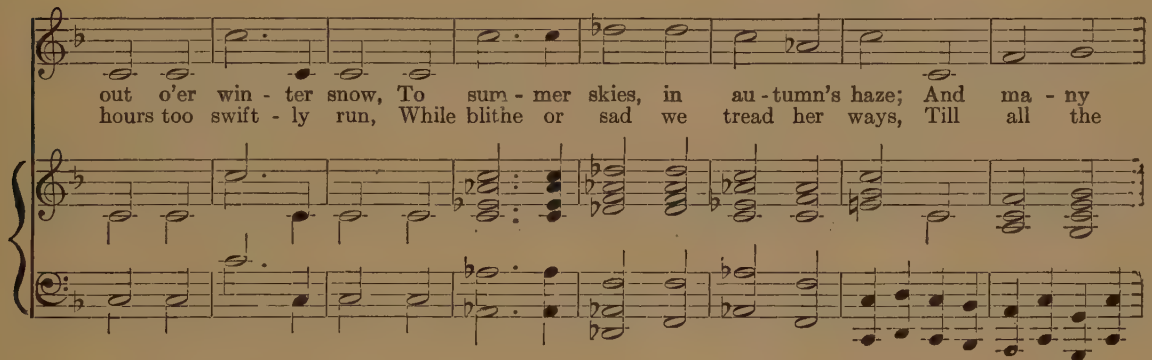
*Maestoso* ♩ = 76.



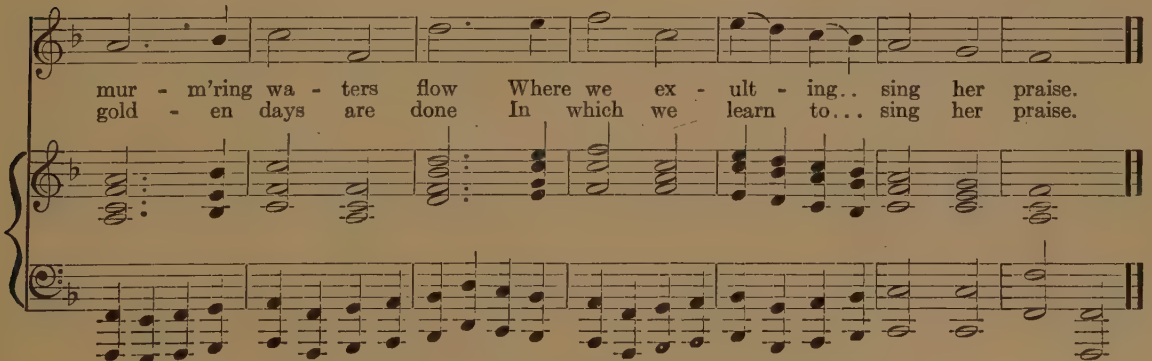
1. Lo, at her feet the val - ley lies; She stands in chang - ing shade and shine Of  
2. She sees the lake, with mir - rored shore, Or swept by winds, and flecked with white, Be -



brood - ing clouds and sun - ny skies, A - midst the hills of oak and pine. Her bells ring  
neath the stars she watch - es o'er The cit - y twink - ling thro' the night. The chim - ing



out o'er win - ter snow, To sum - mer skies, in au - tumn's haze; And ma - ny  
hours too swift - ly run, While blithe or sad we tread her ways, Till all the



mur - m'ring wa - ters flow Where we ex - ult - ing.. sing her praise.  
gold - en days are done In which we learn to... sing her praise.

Copyright, 1915, by THE STUDENTS ASS'N. COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE.



# FOUNDER'S CENTENARY HYMN.

In honor of Ezra Cornell, January eleventh, 1807-1907.

Words and music by Burt G. Wilder.

*Moderato.*

1. From the ranks our Foun - der great Rose and led the gen - 'rous van;  
 2. Learn - ing, long for him de - layed, Fain would he make free to all;  
 3. Oh, Cor - nel - lians, "True and Firm!" Note his mot - to's grand in - tent;

Helpt the neigh - bor, served the state, Made the light - ning slave to man.  
 Creed nor sex his boun - ty stayed, Na - tions an - swered to his call.  
 Make his work of yours the germ; Be your lives his mon - u - ment.

Cold to stran - ger, warm to friends— Daunt - less heart, pro - phet - ic soul—  
 Pa - tient, tol - er - ant and wise, La - bored he with fail - ing breath;  
 Why he is to you en - deared Sound a - loud in ev - 'ry clime.

Copyright, 1909, by BURT G. WILDER. Used by permission,

# FOUNDER'S CENTENARY HYMN.

Wealth he sought for no - ble ends, And self was ne'er his goal.  
Died, as ev - 'ry he - ro dies, Still faith - ful un - to death.  
That his name may be re - vered Un - til the end of time.

## FOUNDER'S HYMN.

By Judge Francis Miles Finch.

- 1 The "Chimes" are still. Alone,  
As falls the Year's last leaf,  
The great bell's monotone  
Slow hymns our helpless grief.  
Bountiful heart!—bountiful hand!  
Bountiful heart and hand;  
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!  
Farewell, Cornell!—Farewell!
- 2 From Slander's driving sleet,  
From Envy's pitiless rain,  
At rest, the aching feet!—  
At rest, the weary brain!  
Laboring heart!—laboring hand!  
Laboring heart and hand!  
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!  
Farewell, Cornell!—Farewell!
- 3 So calm, and grave, and still,  
Men thought his silence pride;  
Nor guessed the truth, until  
Death told it—as he died.  
Lowly of heart!—lowly of hand!  
Lowly of heart and hand!  
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!  
Farewell, Cornell!—Farewell!
- 4 "True," as the steel to star;  
With eye whose lifted lid  
Let in all Truth—though far  
In clouds and darkness hid.  
Confident heart!—confident hand!  
Confident heart and hand!  
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!  
Farewell, Cornell!—Farewell!

- 5 "Firm," as the oak's tough grain,  
Yet pliant to the prayer  
Of Poverty, or Pain,  
As leaf to troubled air.  
Kindliest heart!—kindest hand!  
Kindliest heart and hand!  
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!  
Farewell, Cornell!—Farewell!
- 6 Untaught,—and yet he drew  
Best learning out of life,  
More than the Scholars knew,  
With all their toil and strife.  
Conquering heart!—conquering hand!  
Conquering heart and hand!  
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!  
Farewell, Cornell!—Farewell!
- 7 The spires that crown the hill,  
To plainest labor free,  
Where all may win who will,—  
His monument shall be!  
Generous heart!—generous hand!  
Generous heart and hand!  
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!  
Farewell, Cornell!—Farewell!
- 8 Brave, kindly heart, adieu!  
But with us live alway  
The patient face we knew,  
And this memorial day.  
Bountiful heart!—bountiful hand!  
Bountiful heart and hand!  
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!  
Farewell, Cornell!—Farewell!

The music of this hymn sung at the memorial exercises of Ezra Cornell seems to have been forgotten.

# GIVE MY REGARDS TO "DAVY."

Music by Geo. M. Cohan.

Give my re-gards to Dav - y, re-mem-ber me to "Tee Fee"

*p-f*

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in treble clef, piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, and lyrics. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p-f* (piano-forte).

Crane,..... Tell all the pik - ers on the hill, that

This system contains the second line of the song. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p-f* (piano-forte).

I'll be back a - gain,..... Tell them of how I

This system contains the third line of the song. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p-f* (piano-forte).

Used by permission of F. A. Mills.



# GIVE MY REGARDS TO "DAVY."

First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a single treble staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass). The lyrics are: "bust - ed, Lap - ping up the 'high, high ball.....". The piano part includes a fermata over the final measure.

Second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: "We'll all have drinks at dear old Zinks, when I get back". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line.

Third system of the musical score, concluding the piece. It includes first and second endings for the vocal line. The lyrics are: "next fall..... fall.....". The piano part includes a fermata, a forte (*f*) dynamic marking, and a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure.

# EVENING SONG.

Words by Henry Tyrrell, Ex. '80.

*p*

1. When the sun fades far a - way, In the crim - son

*p*

of the west, And the voic - es of the day

REFRAIN.

*f*

Mur - mur low and sink to rest. Mu - sic with the

(24)

# EVENING SONG.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "twi - light falls O'er the dream - ing lake and dell;". The piano accompaniment has a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "'Tis an ech - o from the walls Of our own, our fair Cor - nell." The piano accompaniment has a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. Both systems include dynamic markings: *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *poco rit. e dim.* (poco ritardando e diminuendo).

2 Gentle bells of eventide,  
How they swell their soft delight,  
While the darker shadows glide  
To the slumbers of the night.

3 Care has faded, rest has come  
With the dim and starry eve;  
Toil and trouble wearisome  
With the day have taken leave.

4 Life is joyous when the hours  
Move in melody along;  
All its happiness is ours,  
While we join the vesper song.

5 Welcome night, and welcome rest,  
Fading music, fare thee well;  
Joy to all we love the best,  
Love to thee, our fair Cornell!



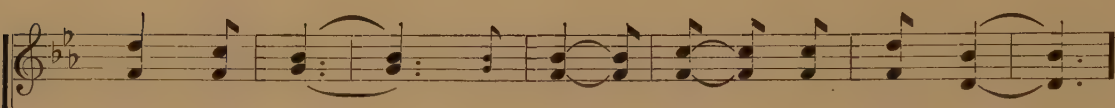
# BOATING SONG.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

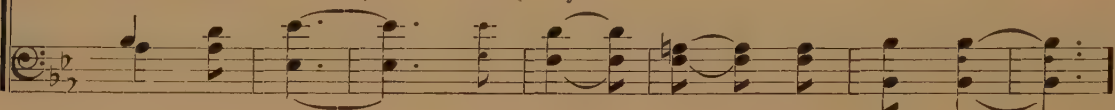


1. Jol - ly boat - ing weath - er..... And a hay  
2. Twenty years hence such weath - er..... May call us from

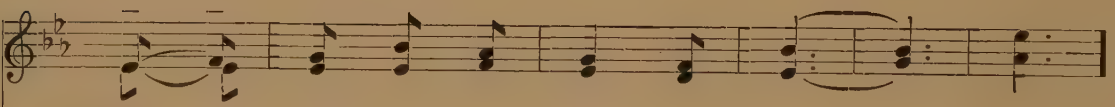
TENOR AND BASS.



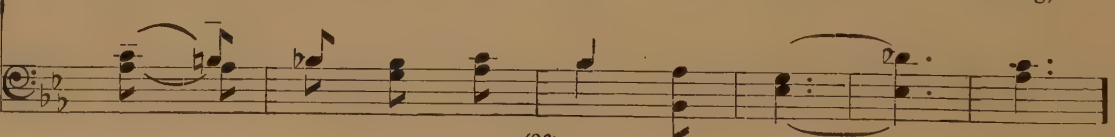
har - vest breeze; Oars on the feath - er.....  
of - fice stools; We may be slow on the feath - er.....



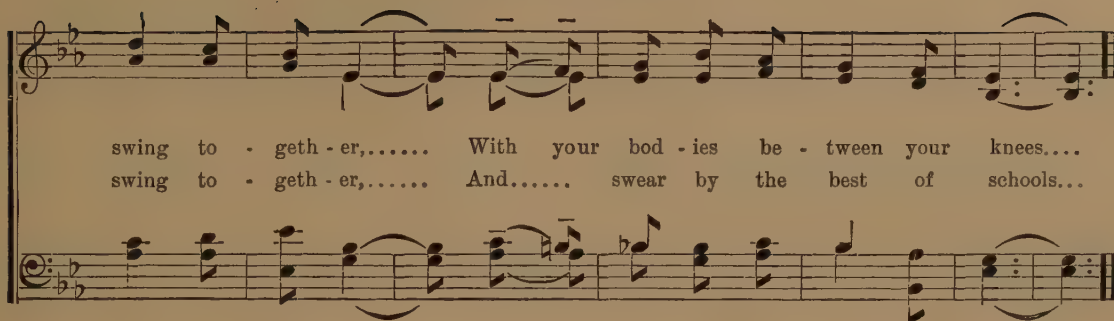
Glid - ing by the trees;.... Swing, swing to - geth - er.....  
And called by the boys old fools;.... Still we'll swing to - geth - er.....



With your bod - ies be - tween your knees;.... Swing,  
And..... swear by the best of schools:.... Swing,



## BOATING SONG.



5 Here's to the maids who grace us,  
 We'll drink a health to you,  
 Here's to the men who race us,  
 Penn and Columbia, too.  
 We hope you'll have to chase us  
 When you row with the Cornell crew,  
 We hope you'll have to chase us  
 When you row with the Cornell crew.

6 Ever our Alma Mater,  
 Crowned with the laurel and bay;  
 Ever the white and carnelian,  
 Hues that will ne'er fade away.  
 Swing, swing together,  
 Together forever and aye,  
 Swing, swing together,  
 Together forever and aye.

## ROWING SONG.

Edward Ansell McCreary, '00.

1. On the bosom of Cayuga,  
 In the time of long ago,  
 There were races well contested,  
 Where the Indian came to row.  
 But the red man with his paddle,  
 With his little bark canoe,  
 Has made way for red and white men,  
 Our good old Cornell crew.  
 Cornell, I yell, yell, yell, Cornell.

### CHORUS.

Stroke, stroke, our crew is at the start,  
 Stroke, stroke, we cheer with all our heart.  
 Stroke, stroke, we can always tell  
 That stroke, stroke, the winner's our Cornell.

2. We have watched them in the crew room,  
 On the Inlet in the spring,  
 How the "Old Man's" face would gladden  
 At their smooth and rhythmic swing!  
 Later, when the June days lengthened,  
 We have cheered them at the train,  
 Then we've followed to the river,  
 Where it flows to meet the main,  
 Cornell, I yell, yell, yell, Cornell.

3. On the water Cornell's ready  
 Every crew to give a race,  
 Standing for "Fair field, no favor,  
 May the best crew win first place."  
 So let's follow them for ever  
 In their swiftly moving shell,  
 While the waters own a master  
 In our crew from old Cornell,  
 Cornell, I yell, yell, yell, Cornell.

# THE POUGHKEEPSIE RACES.

Arranged by George Coleman.

*Allegro moderato.*

1. The Pough-keep-sie course is four miles long, Sing a doo-dah, sing a doo-dah;  
 2. The... Cor-nell crew got stuck in the grass, Sing a doo-dah, sing a doo-dah;  
 3. The... Cor-nell crew then shook themselves loose, Sing a doo-dah, sing a doo-dah;

The... Cor-nell crew is... row-ing.... strong, Sing a doo-dah, doo-dah, day.....  
 The... E-li crew went row-ing.... past, Sing a doo-dah, doo-dah, day.....  
 And the E-li crew saw it was-n't an-y use, Sing a doo-dah, doo-dah, day.....

CHORUS.  
 We're gwine to row all night, We're gwine to row all day, I'll....

Copyright, 1914, by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.



## THE POUGHKEEPSIE RACES.

bet my mon - ey on the Cor - nell crew, Will some - bod - y bet on Yale?

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The second system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff, both continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

## CREW SONG.

Onward, like the swallow going,  
Roused in every nerve and sense;  
Oh, the wild delight of knowing  
'Tis our power that does the rowing?  
Oh, the joy of life intense!  
Rest was made for feebler folk.  
Onward, make her cut the water,  
Onward, make her cut the water,  
And for fame of Alma Mater,  
Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!

Deep we drink the inspiration,  
Eager zest lights up each face;  
Ecstasy and exultation  
Come from honest emulation  
In the contest and the race.  
Nerves of iron and hearts of oak,  
Under eyes of youths and maidens,  
Catch the ringing, swinging cadence  
Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!

Steady now, let no distraction  
Slow the speed of oar or shell;  
All in unison of action  
With the noble satisfaction—  
Victory for old Cornell!  
Coolly every power invoke;  
Do not break in sweep or feather.  
One last effort! All together!  
Steady! Old Cornell forever!  
Stroke! Stroke!

# ELI.

Arranged.

*mf*

Has an - y bod - y here seen E - li?..... Poor old

*mf*

This system contains the first musical staff with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The lyrics 'Has an - y bod - y here seen E - li?.....' are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The lyrics 'Poor old' are written below the piano staves. The system concludes with a double bar line.

E... L. I. Has an - y bod - y here seen E - li?.....

This system contains the second musical staff. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'E... L. I. Has an - y bod - y here seen E - li?.....'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same two-staff format. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Seen them row - ing by?..... There was a time when

This system contains the third musical staff. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Seen them row - ing by?..... There was a time when'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same two-staff format. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Music of Verse by permission of T. B. HARMS and FRANCIS, DAY AND HUNTER.

Chorus by permission of WM. A. POND & Co.

Arrangement Copyrighted, 1915, by THE STUDENTS ASS'N. COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE.

# ELI.

Yale could row, But that was y'ars and y'ars a - go, Has

The first system of musical notation for the song 'ELI.' It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Yale could row, But that was y'ars and y'ars a - go, Has'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

an - y bod - y here seen E - li?..... Where, O, where is Yale?

The second system of musical notation continues the song. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'an - y bod - y here seen E - li?..... Where, O, where is Yale?'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

CHORUS.

They're com - ing, they're com - ing, And their backs are bend - ing low, I

The third system of musical notation is the beginning of the chorus, marked 'CHORUS.'. The vocal line has the lyrics 'They're com - ing, they're com - ing, And their backs are bend - ing low, I'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

hear those E - li stu - dents call - ing Row, Yale, Row.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the chorus. The vocal line has the lyrics 'hear those E - li stu - dents call - ing Row, Yale, Row.'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.



# BUSTONIAN CHORUS.

Music by Dyneley Prince.

*Poco allegro.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and common time (C).

1. Oh I can - not lin - ger lon - ger in the U - ni - ver - si - tee, I've a  
3. Ship me back to old New England where my do-tin' dad-dy dwells, Far a -

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords, and the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and common time (C).

note from Da - vid Fletch - er an' 'e says they've bust - ed me; An' my  
way from blue Ca - yu - ga an' them tink - lin', chim - in', bells; For I've

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords, and the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and common time (C).

Copyright, 1894, by J. DYNELEY PRINCE.  
Printed by permission of G. SCHIRMER (INC.) owners of the Copyright.

# BUSTONIAN CHORUS.



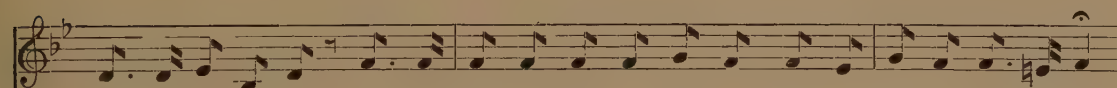
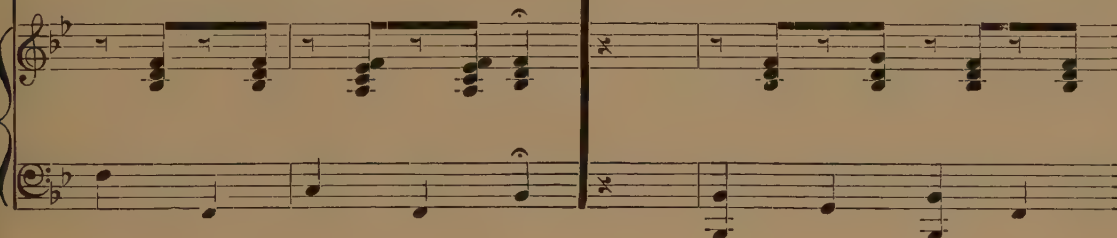
bloom-in' 'eart is ach - 'in' 'cause I can - not stay no more, In these state - ly 'alls o'  
got that bloom-in' no - tice - an' I can - not stay no more, An' my soul is still a -



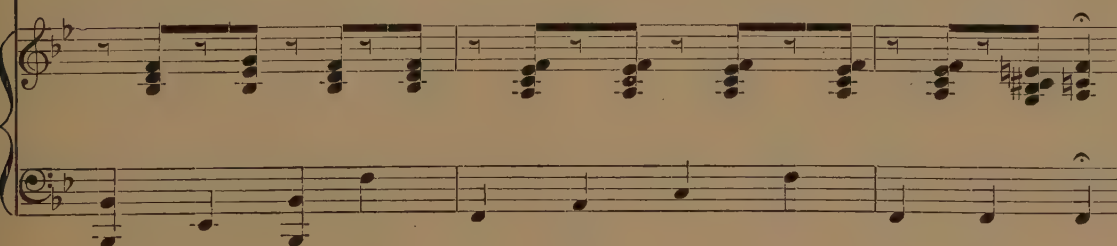
## CHORUS



learn - in', far a - bove Ca - yu - ga's shore. Cor - nell U - ni - ver - si - tee, where I  
yearn - 'in' for those good old days of yore. Far a - way from dear Cor - nell, nev - er



dear - ly love to be— Don't you hear them bells a - chim - in', call - in' soft - ly now to me?  
more to 'ear the yell—Oh, a sad, an' drear - y sto - ry is this tale I have to tell!



## BUSTONIAN CHORUS.

Cor - nell U - ni - ver - si - tee an' its bloom - in' fac - ul - tee, Where old  
Cor - nell U - ni - ver - si - tee an' its bloom - in' fac - ul - tee, This I

Da - vy rais - es thun - der up in Mor - rill, num - ber three.  
'ave to say in part - in' - damn the man that bust - ed me.

*f*

*D. C.*

## GLORIOUS MOTHER— CORNELL.

Words and music by Robert P. Butler, '05.

1. Fair as thy hills, in beau - ty re-splen-dent, Rich in tra - di - tion of ear - li - er days;...  
2. Firm as the rock on which thou art found-ed, Honored in sto - ry re - nown - ed in song....  
3. Broad in con - cep - tion, loft - y in spir - it, Thy pur - pose yield - ing not, stand to the end....

Our love thou hold - est su - preme, trans - cen - dent: Glo - ri - ous moth - er, — Cor - nell.  
Kind - ly thy guid - ance, thy wis - dom un - bound - ed: Teach - er of truth, — Cor - nell.  
Cour - age and faith may thy chil - dren in - her - it: Moth - er and friend, — Cor - nell.

Used by permission of ROBERT P. BUTLER, Hartford, Conn,



# THE SONG OF THE CLASSES.

Words by F. A. Abbott, '90.

1. O, there is the freshman who sits over there,  
He was nursed by his mother before he came here,  
He misses his bottle, and sad for to tell,  
He soon will be busted right out of Cornell.

CHORUS.

Then it's one, two, and three, four, we all fail in line,  
To the tune of our prof's we must always keep time,  
For it's work like a Turk till your eyes ache like hell  
In this grand institution, this school of Cornell.

2. O, there sits the soph'more with debonair look,  
His vile freshman ways he now has forsook,  
He sports 'round the town with the boys of his age,  
And makes frequent calls on the co-eds at Sage.—CHO.
3. O, there is the junior, he's smoking his pipe,  
His mood mellows out over lager and tripe,  
He knows about Zin k's and the others full well,  
He's not been a-wasting his time at Cornell.—CHO.
4. O, we are the seniors a-taking our ease,  
We cut recitations whenever we please,  
We go to the theatre and cut quite a swell,  
For soon we'll be leaving this school of Cornell.—CHO.

## TELL ME, MAIDEN.

Words by Henry Tyrrell, '80.

Air—"Maryland."

1. "Tell me, maiden debonair,  
With the bright cheeks glowing,  
Are the scholars all as fair  
Whither thou art going?"  
Quick she turns her pretty head,  
Lifts her lily finger.  
"Hark! I hear the chimes," she said  
"And I may not linger."
2. "Up to meet the mountain sun,  
Who are these that follow—  
In the splendor every one  
Shining like Apollo?"  
"All Cornellians!" comes the cry,  
Heart in voice resounding;  
"All Cornellians!" make reply  
Purple hills surrounding.
3. "Wide the land, and wide the sea,  
Soon are comrades parted,  
Shall Cornell remembered be  
By her loyal-hearted?"  
"Till her walls in dust shall lie,  
Till her hills shall sever!  
Alma Mater till we die—  
Old Cornell forever!"

## ALUMNI SONG.

Words by Louis Carl Ehle, '90.

1. I am thinking to-night of my old college town,  
I am dreaming of days that are flown,  
Of the joys and the strife  
Of my old college life—  
Ah, those days were the best I have known.

CHORUS.

- Then here is the toast we will drink,  
A good rousing health to Cornell.  
Let your glasses clink,  
A good excuse I think,  
Is a toast to her we all love so well.
2. I return in my dreams to that valley so fair,  
To the campus, the gorge and the hills,  
To the friends that I knew  
By Cayuga so blue—  
How this vision my memory thrills.—CHO.
  3. I'm rejoicing to-night o'er her vict'ries again  
Though I helped not the triumphs to gain;  
I will shout with my might  
For Carnelian and White,  
And her honor forever maintain.—CHO.

## ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR.

Air—"Rebecca."

1. One day a freshman to Cornell came,  
With resolutions to study hard,  
He got to loafing and in December  
I saw him counting the hours on his card.

CHORUS.

One, two, three, four,  
Oh, how I wish there were more,  
Ein, zwei, drei, vier,  
I won't be back next year,  
Yet, nee, sam, see,  
Dumb as a heathen Chinese,  
No more I'll roam  
Away from home,  
One, two, three.

2. Down in the "Kitchen," forbidden to some,  
The sophomore blows from his tankard the foam;  
And toasts all the glories of Cornell to come,  
And sings dizzy ballads along the way home.

CHORUS.

One, two, three, four,  
He cannot hold any more,  
Ein, zwei, drei, vier,  
It's Friday night, that's clear.  
Yet, nee, sam, see,  
What should a sophomore be?  
For cares take a flight  
On Friday night,  
One, two, three.

3. Down by Cayuga, so silent and still,  
The junior has come to the question at last,  
And love him the maiden has promised she will,  
Until the long fever called "living" is past.

CHORUS.

One, two, three, four,  
What could a junior ask more?  
Ein, zwei, drei, vier,  
But will it last a year?  
Yet, nee, sam see,  
Next week they'll both disagree,  
And on the Quad'  
They'll coldly nod,  
One, two, three.

4. Up in the hall, where the student lamp burns,  
The senior is working from seven to three,  
And cries, as off his thesis he turns,  
"It's no easy grafting to get a degree."

CHORUS.

One, two, three, four,  
Oh, how I wish there were more,  
Ein, zwei, drei, vier,  
I won't be back next year,  
Yet, nee, sam, see,  
Take back your sheepskin A. B.,  
I won't be whirled  
Into the world,  
One, two, three.

## Senior, Junior, Soph., Frosh.

Air—"Rufus, Rastus, Johnson, Brown."

Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Frosh,  
What you goin' to do when you bust, by gosh?  
What you goin' to say, how you goin' to pay?  
You can't get back 'till Judgment Day.  
You know, I know, we all know,  
When you bust you've got to go.  
Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Frosh,  
What you goin' to do when you bust, by gosh?

## CORNELLIO.

Words by E. D. Abinun de Lima. '86.

Air—"Lothario."

1. When we are all out of Cornello,  
We all will remember d— wellio.  
The glorious times that befellie,  
While learning to cheer at Cornell.  
Ching bum!
2. Remembrance of sparkling champagna,  
Fades away like chateaux in España,  
But the fun we had on the campagna,  
Will ne'er be erased from our minds.  
Ching bum!
3. To quaff from the well-filled punch-bowlo,  
While our leader will warble his solo,  
Not letting the bowlo get too low,  
Reminds us of life at Cornell.  
Ching bum.
4. But sometime we'll all meet in hello,  
Along with each jolly good fellow,  
And have with his Highness Devillo,  
A jolly, red-hot Cornell Punch.  
Ching bum.

## H-E-R-P-I-C-I-D-E.

Air—"Harrigan."

H-E-R-P-I-C-I-D-E, spells Herpicide,  
That's the blooming stuff that makes your hair grow,  
Guaranteed to grow it on a scarecrow,  
H-E-R-P-I-C-I-D-E, you see.  
First you rub it, then you scrub it,  
Then you scrub it and you rub it,  
Then it's hair again on me.

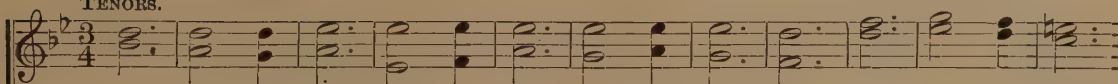
## HONEY.

Honey, Honey, bless your heart,  
My Honey, that I love so well,  
For I'll be true, my girl, to you,  
You'r my Honey that I love so well.

# DOWN BY THE STREAM.

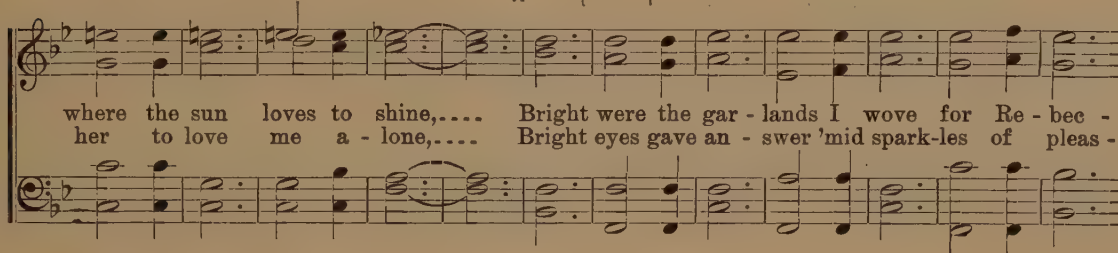
Arr. by Frank R. Hancock, '12.

TENORS.

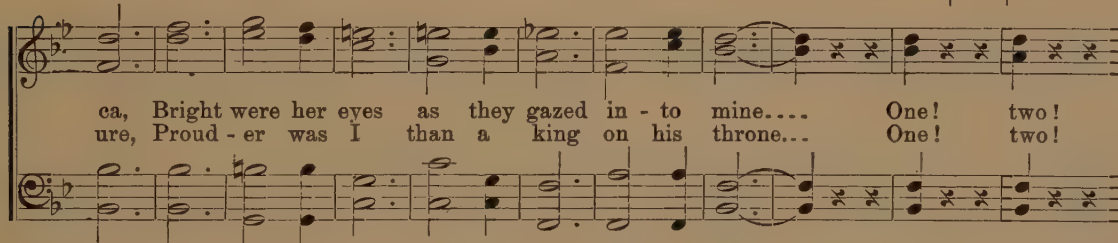


1. Down by the stream where I first met Re - bec - ca, Down by the stream  
2. Down by the stream where I first met my treas - ure, One eve I asked

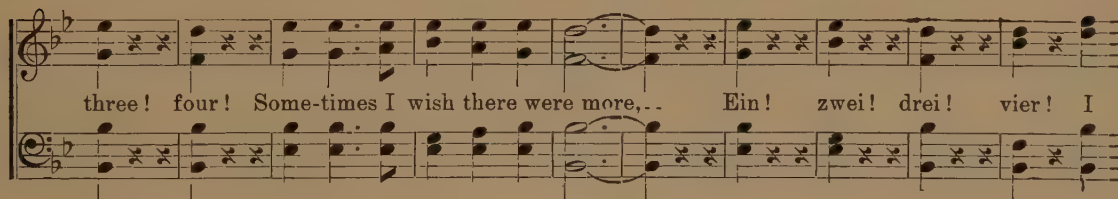
BASSES.



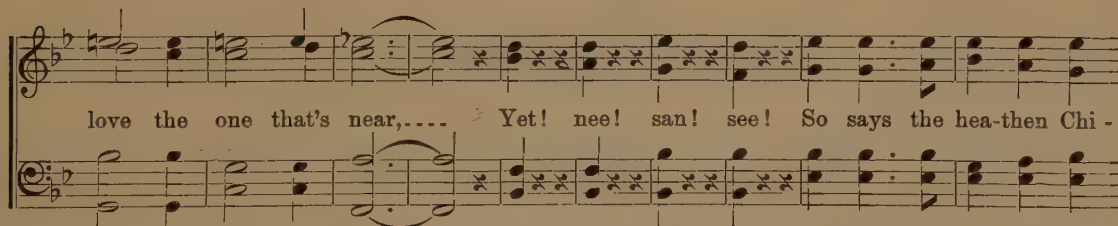
where the sun loves to shine,.... Bright were the gar - lands I wove for Re - bec -  
her to love me a - lone,.... Bright eyes gave an - swer 'mid spark - les of pleas -



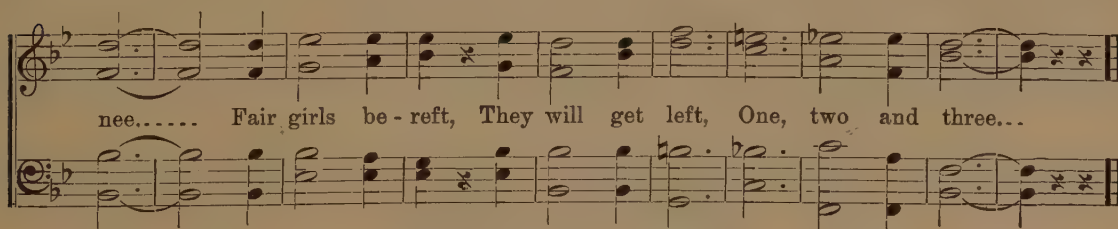
ca, Bright were her eyes as they gazed in - to mine.... One! two!  
ure, Proud - er was I than a king on his throne... One! two!



three! four! Some-times I wish there were more,... Ein! zwei! drei! vier! I



love the one that's near,.... Yet! nee! san! see! So says the hea-then Chi -



nee..... Fair girls be - reft, They will get left, One, two and three...

Copyright, 1913, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.  
Melody and words used by special permission of the publisher of the "Hawaiian Songs."  
The Wall Nicols Co., Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii.



## SAGE MAIDENS.

Charles Baker Mandeville, '77.

Air: "Sweet Evelina."

1. On the Campus so high,  
Where the wild zephyrs rage,  
There is builded a castle  
Now known as "The Sage."  
A band of fair minstrels,  
A chime of sweet bell (e)s,  
From within those high turrets,  
This grand chorus swells.

CHORUS.

Go 'way, young man,  
And let us alone,  
For we are Sage maidens  
A long way from home.  
Go 'way, young man,  
And let us alone,  
For we are Sage maidens  
A long way from home.

2. When the shadows of eve,  
Gently steal down the west,  
And twilight spreads softly  
Her mantle of rest.  
Oft seeks the sweet singer  
An entrance to gain,  
But he starts back in fright,  
When he hears this refrain:—

CHORUS.

Go 'way, young man,  
And let us alone,  
For we are Sage maidens  
A long way from home.  
Go 'way, young man,  
Come some other day,  
When the matron is out  
And Pa Kinney's away.

## THE GIRLS OF ITHACA.

Harley Quinn, '80.

Air: "John Brown."

1. I had kissed the buxom Buckeye, I had squeezed the Esquimaux,  
I had swung among the grape-vines with the dusky Raphahoe.  
I had latched the wooden slippers of the maidens of Anjou,  
And my heart was hungry still.

CHORUS.

Dolor, dolor, doloroso, (Ter)  
My soul was sorry still.

2. I had bitten Eve's sweet apple, and had found an ashen core.  
I had pilgrimed through Bohemia, weary, saddened, sick and sore.  
In the peaceful paths of wisdom's court I heard of bliss galore,  
So I hastened to Cornell.

CHORUS.

Dolor, dolor, doloroso, (Ter)  
I would quaff from the Muses' well.

3. No nuns can be more modest, nor are spinsters more discreet;  
The girls of Ithaca I found are saccharinely sweet,  
In fact, to speak with temperance, they're good enough to eat,  
With nary seasoning.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah (Ter)  
A feast for a Cannibal king.

4. I wish I were a Mormon boy, and they were Mormons too,  
I would write a neat proposal to the total blessed crew,  
And I'd laugh to scorn the Sultan and the king of Timbuctoo,  
Those uxorious old swells.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah (Ter)  
With their harem-scarum belles.

# DREAMING.

FROM "POPOCATERPILLAR VII."

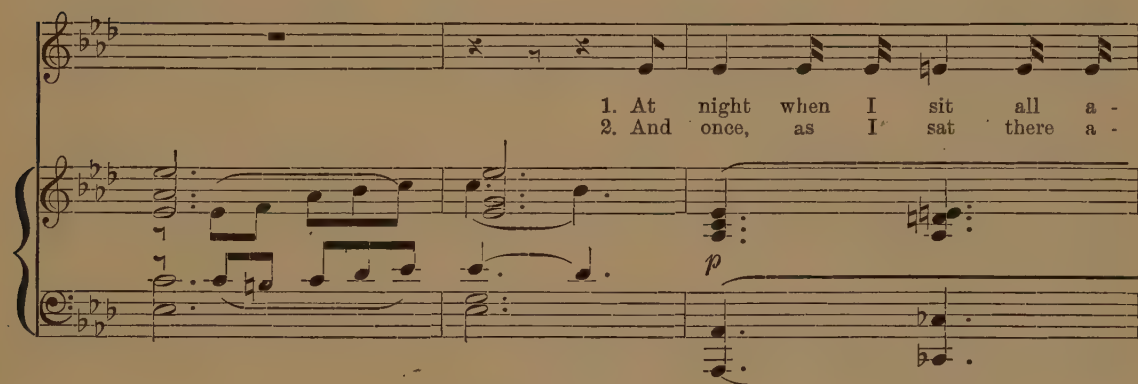
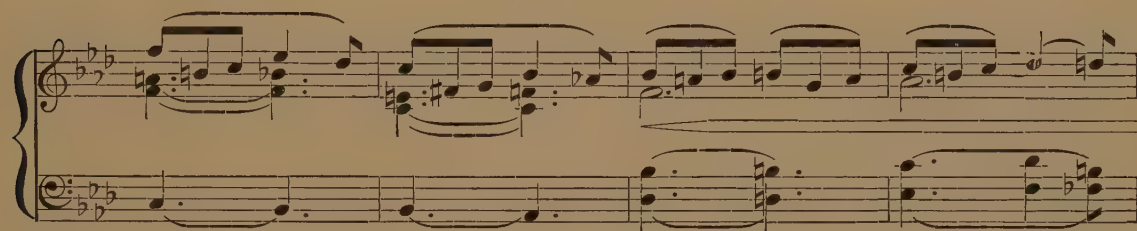
Words by Horace L. Dawson.

Music by H. C. Schuyler.

*Andante.*



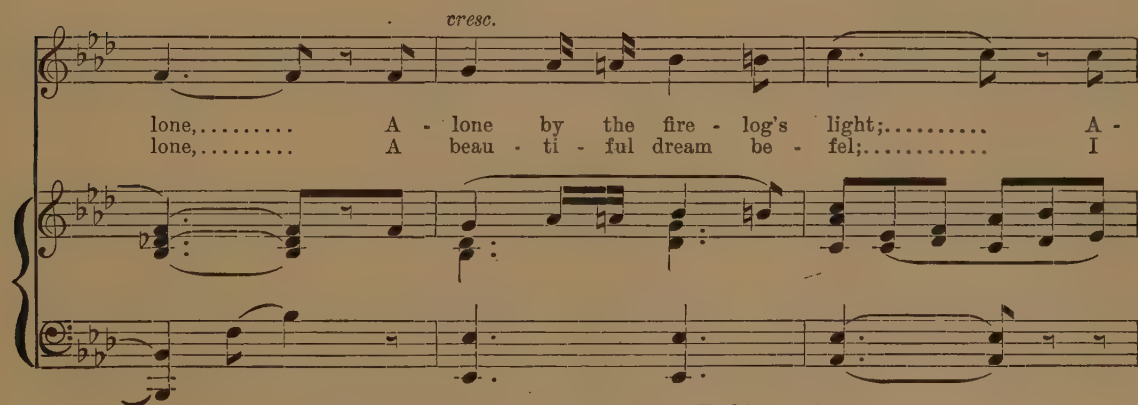
*p*  
L.H.



1. At night when I sit all a -  
2. And once, as I sat there a -

*p*

*cresc.*



lone,..... A - lone by the fire - log's light;..... A -  
lone,..... A beau - ti - ful dream be - fel;..... I

Copyright, 1908, by THE CORNELL MASQUE. Used by permission.

# DREAMING.

lone did I say?—well, of course, there's my dog, My dog and my lit - tle old  
dream'd that the dog and the pipe were... there, And a dear lit - tle maid... as

pipe;... I sit in the dark, and my thoughts..... To the  
well;..... Who is..... she?—oh! nev - er mind,..... My

build - ing of air cas - tles bend;..... So ro - sy the pic - tures, I  
life has a ro - se - ate hue,..... For now, with per - sis - tence, I

won - der, some - times How all of this dream - ing will end..... rit.  
cling to the hope The hope that the dream comes true..... rit.



# DREAMING.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

The first system of musical notation features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Dream - ing, dream - ing, dream - ing, sweet-heart, of you,..... Dream - ing". The piano accompaniment starts with a chordal texture, marked *a tempo.*

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "dream - ing dreams that may nev - er come true;... What if the wait - ing should". The piano accompaniment maintains a steady harmonic support.

The third system of musical notation shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "wea - ri - some seem, If in the end it be more than a dream?". The piano accompaniment continues with its chordal accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the chorus. The vocal line ends with the lyrics "Dream - ing, dream - ing, dream - ing, sweet - heart, of you. ....". The piano accompaniment features a final chordal progression.

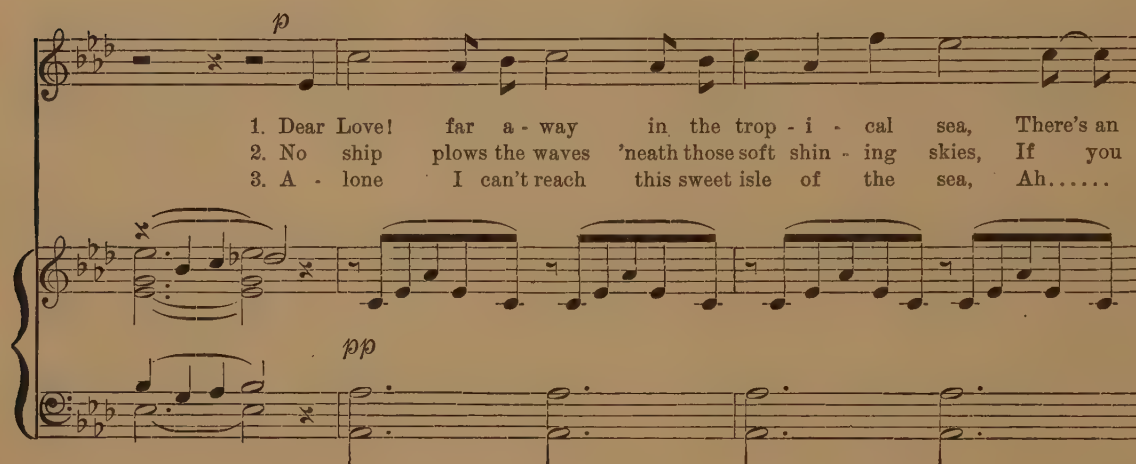
# THE ISLE OF DELIGHT.

FROM "THE PRESIDENT OF OOLONG."

*Molto Moderato.*

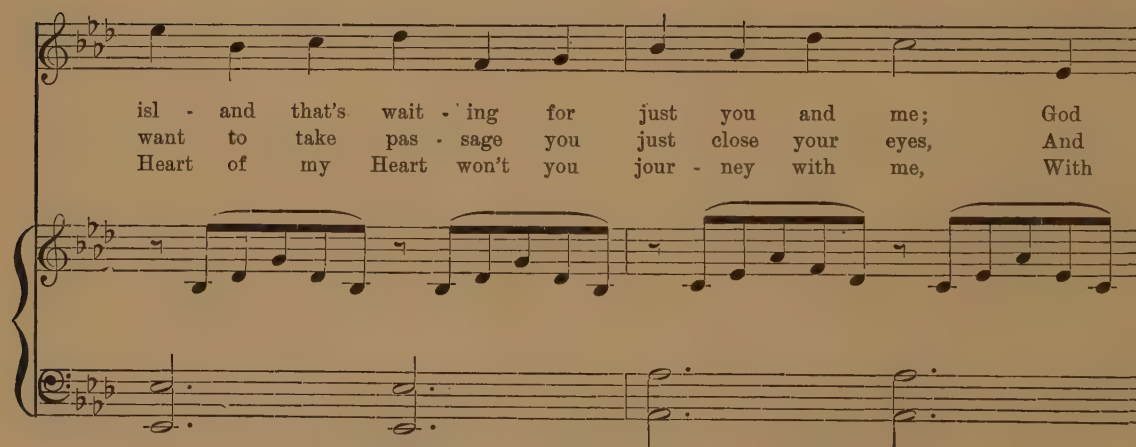


Piano introduction in B-flat major, 6/4 time. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A forte (f) dynamic marking is present.



Vocal entry with piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand, marked with piano-piano (pp).

1. Dear Love! far a - way in the trop - i - cal sea, There's an  
2. No ship plows the waves 'neath those soft shin - ing skies, If you  
3. A - lone I can't reach this sweet isle of the sea, Ah.....



Continuation of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics, and the piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

isl - and that's wait - ing for just you and me; God  
want to take pas - sage you just close your eyes, And  
Heart of my Heart won't you jour - ney with me, With

Copyright, 1906, by WILLIAM LUTON WOOD. Used by permission.

# THE ISLE OF DELIGHT.

*cresc.* *f*

made it in glad - ness, for lov - ers I know, For  
aft - er a trip 'bout as long as a smile, You'll  
eyes tight - ly clos'd and your hand in my hand: Dear

*cresc.*

*mf*

lov - ers that lived ma - ny a - ges a - go. There the  
pres - ent - ly reach the de - lec - ta - ble isle. Then....  
Love, won't you come to the beau - ti - ful land? A - .

*f*

*mf*

palms throw their shade on the soft for - est floor, And the  
o - pen your eyes on the green of the trees, On the  
way from the world, with it's toil and un - rest, A - .

*p*

lit - tle waves laugh as they splash on the shore. There the  
white crest - ed blue of the trop - i - cal seas. And the  
way from the world to the land of the blest. To - .

*p*

# THE ISLE OF DELIGHT.

breeze al - ways blows thro' the warm fra - grant night, And the  
 long wave - kissed beach, what a won - der - ful sight You can  
 geth - er we'll jour - ney, who knows but we might Spend the

name of the place is the Isle of De - light. Dear  
 see when you land on the Isle of De - light. Dear  
 rest of our lives in the Isle of De - light? Dear

Love! far a way in the trop - i - cal sea, 'There's an  
 perit.

isl - and that's wait - ing for just you and me.  
 D. C.



# ALL ROUND THE WORLD, CORNELL.

FROM "PANATELA."

Words by K. L. Roberts.

Music by H. C. Schuyler.

*Tempo di Valse.*

*mf*

1. I've wan - der'd far a - way from home, On  
2. I went with Pea - ry far - thest north, To

lands and o - ceans wide;..... I've nev - er known where  
find the fro - zen pole,..... And down the gang - plank

I might roam, Just drift - ed with the tide..... But  
we went forth, When we had reach'd our goal..... We

Copyright, 1907, by THE CORNELL MASQUE Used by permission.

# ALL ROUND THE WORLD, CORNELL.

ev - 'ry - where I've felt se - cure, And free from doubt and  
thought we'd be... the ear - li - est That mon - u - ment to

fears;..... For if I stand in need, be sure, A  
scan,..... But on the pole, as I'll be blest, Was

*mf* Cor - nell man ap - pears..... *f* CHORUS. All round the  
perch'd a Cor - nell man..... All round the

world, Cor - nell, Is heard thy name,.....

# ALL ROUND THE WORLD, CORNELL.

First system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) contains the lyrics: "All round the world, Cor - nell, Is sung thy". The piano accompaniment consists of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line contains the lyrics: "fame..... Wher - ev - er there is work to do, Or". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line contains the lyrics: "of good men there's need;....., Wher - ev - er there are". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

Fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line contains the lyrics: "girls to woe, Cor - nell is in the lead.....". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines, ending with a double bar line.

# AUSTRALIA.

Arr. by Frank R. Hancock, '12.

*Allegro Moderato.*  
TENORS.

Br-r-room, poom, poom, poom, poom, poom, poom, poomp-yi-di, yi-di, yi-di, yi-di, yum, poomp, poomp, poomp, poomp, poomp, poomp.

1. Aus-tra-lia is a ve-ry fine place, Heave a-way! Heave a-way! To come from there is.....  
2. Aus-tra-lian girls are ve-ry fine girls, Keep a-way! Keep a-way! With cod-fish bones they...  
3. Aus-tra-lian booze is ve-ry fine booze, Keep a-way! Keep a-way! 'Twill make you as tight as a

no dis-grace, Heave a-way!... Heave a-way!... Heave a-way!... My bon-ny, bon-ny boys,  
comb their curls, Keep a-way!... Keep a-way!... Keep a-way!... My bon-ny, bon-ny boys,  
new pair of shoes, Keep a-way!... Keep a-way!... Keep a-way!... My bon-ny, bon-ny boys,

Heave a-way!.. Heave a-way!.. Heave a-way!.. My bon-ny, bon-ny boys, We're off for Aus-tra-lia,  
Keep a-way!.. Keep a-way!.. Keep a-way!.. My bon-ny, bon-ny boys, We're off for Aus-tra-lia,  
Keep a-way!.. Keep a-way!.. Keep a-way!.. My bon-ny, bon-ny boys, We're off for Aus-tra-lia,

Br-r-r-room, poom, poom, poom, poom, poom, poom, poomp, yi-di, yi-di, yi-di, yi-di, yum! Poomp!

*D.S. Last time.*

Copyright, 1913, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE. Used by permission.

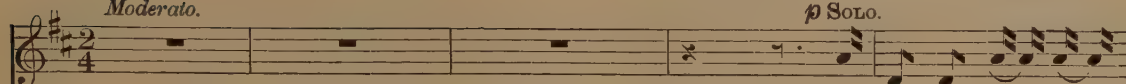


# OLD MAN NOAH.

Arranged by A. L. Van Hoesen.

*Moderato.*

*p* SOLO.



1. A - way, 'way back in the
2. Says old man No-ah to him -
3. The rain came down.. in....

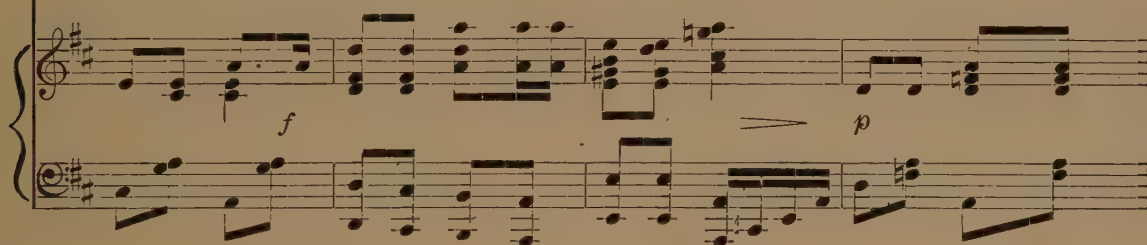


*f* CHORUS.

*p* SOLO.

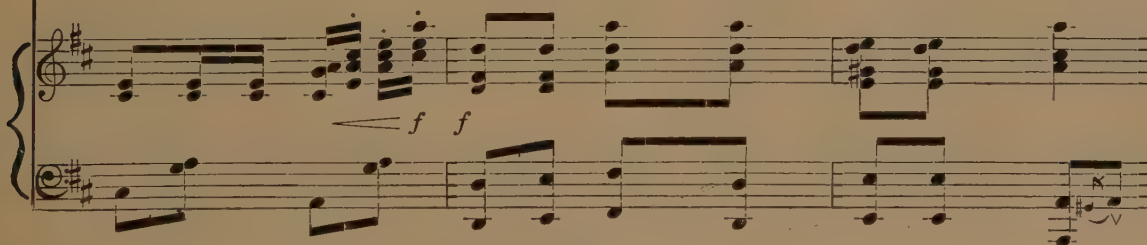
a - ges dark. A - way, 'way back in the a - ges dark,  
self one day, Says old man No-ah to him - self one day.  
show-ers prime, The rain came down in.. show-ers prime.

Old man No - ah built a  
"The big flood's com - ing on the  
The ark lit out.... on...



*f* CHORUS.

sea - go - ing ark.— Old man No - ah built a sea - go - ing ark.  
first of.... May, The big flood's com - ing on the first of.... May."  
sched - ule.... time, The ark lit out.... on.... sched - ule.... time.

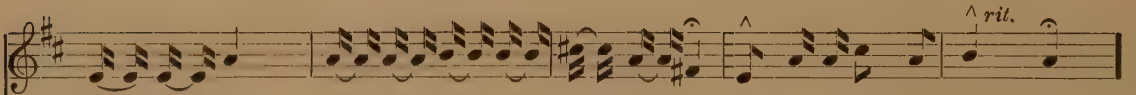


# OLD MAN NOAH.

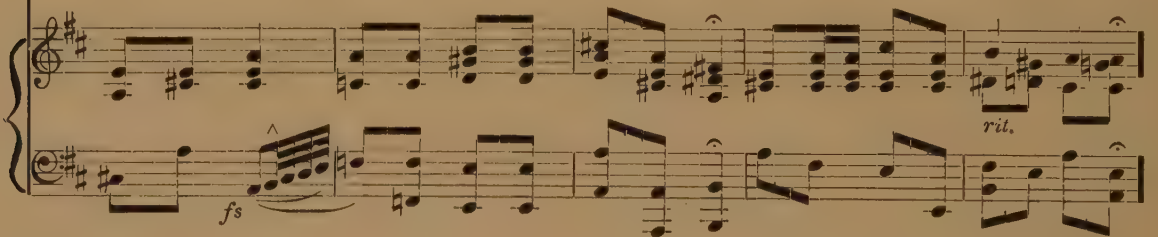
*p* Solo.



Old man.. No - ah had.. nerv - ous spells— When he had to list - en to the  
Called all the an - i - mals, told them to hark, "Sky... o - ver - head.. is....  
And as they neared Co-ney Isl - and.. shore The... li - on let.... out an



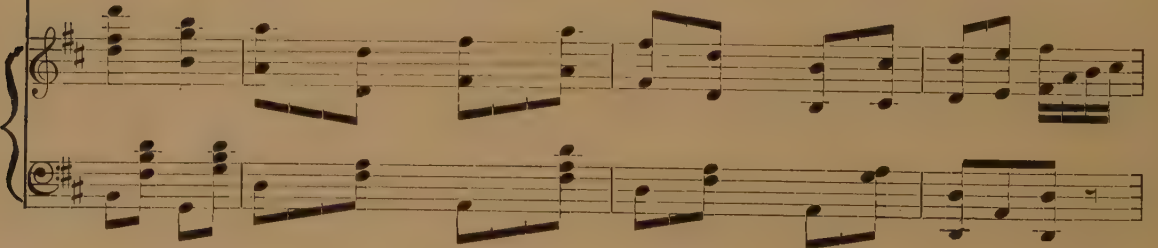
an - i - mals' yells! He was al - ways "there with bells," (*fz* He) was a grand old Sail - or!  
getting mighty dark, Better get your families and hustle in the ark, It's going to rain to - mor - row."  
aw - ful roar, "What's the matter," says Noah, says the lion, "I'm sore, He's going to sell us to Ringling."



CHORUS.



Old man No - ah knew a thing or two, (*fz* He) made 'em all play ball!.....



# OLD MAN NOAH.

Old man No - ah knew a thing or two, Be - cause he knew a thing or two, he

This system features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part includes chords and moving lines in both hands.

TENORS. BASSES.

thought he knew it all! Some say he was an Al - so - ran. (*fz* He) was th'o-rig - i - nal

This system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line is divided into Tenors and Basses. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

*ff* CHORUS. *fz Lento Forza.*

cir - cus man! Old man No-ah knew a thing or two, He was a grand old man....

This system introduces a chorus section. The vocal melody is marked *ff* (fortissimo) and the piano accompaniment is marked *fff Lento* (fortissimissimo, Lento). The piano part features thick chords and a slower tempo.

## GERMANY - LAND.

*Moderato.*  
Melody in 2D TENOR.

Ger - man - y - land, where the sau - er - kraut grows; Ger - man - y -

land, where the la - ger - beer flows; Give me old Ger - man - y,

loy - al and true, Give me old Ger - man - y - land.....

## OLD COLLEGE CHUM.

Words by Lloyd Adams.

Arranged for Male Voices.

TENORS.

1. Old col - lege chum, dear col - lege chum, The days may come, the days may go; But  
2. Thro' youth, thro' prime, and when the days Of har - vest time, to us shall come, Thro'

BASSES.

still my heart to mem - 'ry clings, To those col - lege days of long a - go.  
all we'll bear the mem - 'ries dear, Of those gold - en days, old col - lege chum.

Melody used by permission of WM. A. POND & Co., owners of the copyright.  
Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.



# CASTLE ON THE NILE.

Arr. by G. L. Coleman, C. V., '95.

In my Cas - tle on the sun - ny riv - er Nile, I'm gwin - ter live in el - e - gant style,

*mp*

In - laid dia - monds on de flo', Ba - boon but - ler at my do'..... When I

*ril.*

wed dat prin - cess An - na Ma - zoo, Den my blood will change from red.. to blue, En - ter -

tain - ing Roy - al - ty all the while In my Cas - tle on the Nile.

Melody used by permission of Jos. W. STERN & Co.  
Arrangement copyrighted, 1915, by STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE.

# LEVEE SONG.

Arranged.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.                      QUARTET.

TENOR AND BASS.                      I'm wuk-kin'on de le-vee;

SOLO.                      SOLO.

1. I once did know A girl named Grace—                      She done brung me to dis

QUARTET.                      CHORUS.

O' wuk-kin'on de le-vee.                      I been wuk-kin' on de rail - road

sad dis-grace

All de live-long day;                      I been wuk-kin'on de rail - road Ter pass de time a - way.

Doan' yuh hyah de whis - tle blow - in?                      Rise up so uh - ly in de mawn.

FINE.

Doan' yuh hyah de cap - 'n shout - in',                      "Di - nah, blow yo' hawn?"

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

# LEVEE SONG.

SOLO.

2. Sing a song o' the cit - y; . Roll dat cot - ton bale; .

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

*p* HUMMING CHORUS.

TENOR AND BASS.

Nig - gah ain' haif so hap - py . . . As when he's out o' jail.

Nor - folk foh it's oy - stah - shells, Bos - ton foh it's beans; . .

*D.S. Chorus.*

Cha'les - ton foh it's rice an' cawn, But foh nig - gahs— New - Aw - leans.

# DOWN IN MOBILE.

Arranged by Lloyd Adams.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Down in . . . Mo - bile, down in . . . Mo - bile, How . . . I love . . . that

TENOR AND BASS.

lit - tle yal - ler gal! How . . . I love that lit - tle yal - ler gal!

Down in . . . Mo - bile, down in . . . Mo - bile. . . Then I'll come

back, . . . . . yes, I'll come back, . . . . . Back to my old cab - in  
Then I'll come back, yes, I'll come back,

home, . . . . . Then I'll come back, . . . . . Then I'll come back, yes, I'll come

Copyright, 1902, by HINDS & NOBLE.



# DOWN IN MOBILE.

back, yes, I'll come back, Back to my old cab - in home. Then 'tis

fare - well, yes, 'tis fare - well, To my home in Ten - nes - see, Then 'tis

fare - well, yes, 'tis fare - well, To my home in Ten - nes - see.

Solo.

Shine, shine, who wants a shine? My name is Ted - dy, and I'm al - ways

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

*p* La la la la la la la la la la la la

TENOR AND BASS.

La la la la la la la la

read-y; My brushes are new, My blacking is fine, Ah, there! Mis - ter, don't you want a shine?

la la la la la la la la la. Ah, there! Mis - ter, want a shine?


la la la la la la la.

# AND WHEN I DIE.

SOLO AND MALE CHORUS.


Arr. by Jesse M. Winne.

**SOLO.**




And when I die..... don't bu-ry me at all,..... Just pick-le my

**TENORS.**

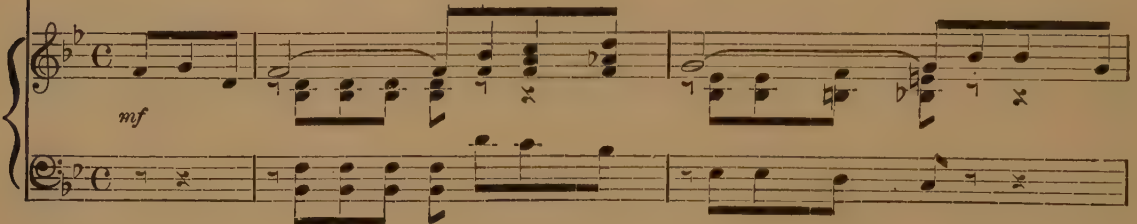


*mf* And when I die don't bu-ry me at all,

**BASSES.**

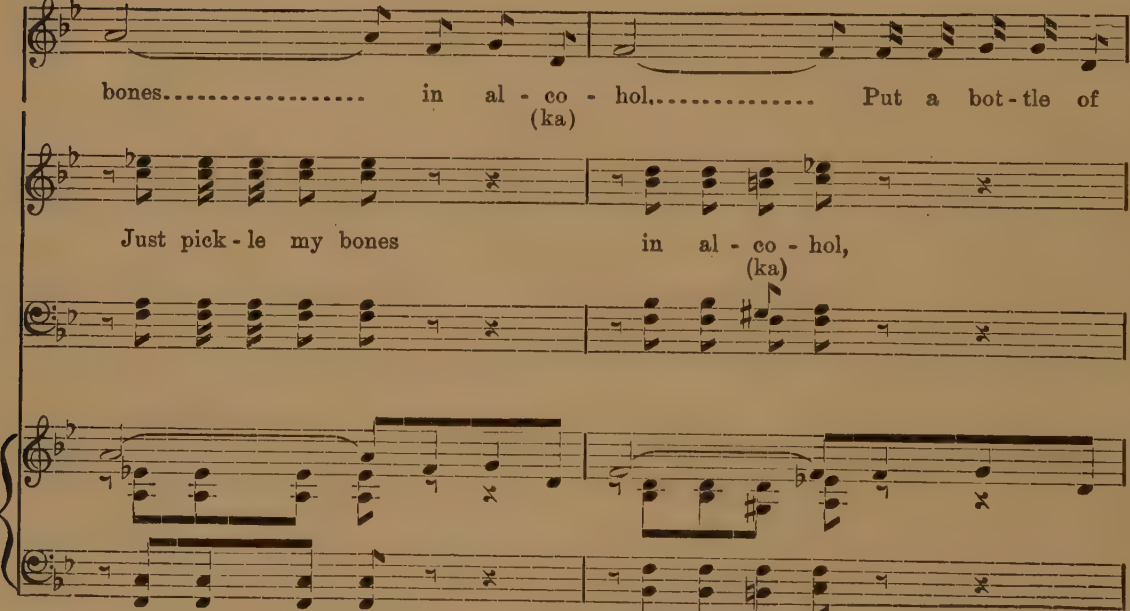


*mf*



bones..... in al - co - hol..... Put a bot-tle of  
(ka)

Just pick-le my bones in al - co - hol,  
(ka)



Copyright, 1914, by THE SEVENTH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK. Used by permission.

# AND WHEN I DIE.

booze..... at my head and feet,..... And buy me a

Put a bot-tle of booze, at my head and feet,

*rall.*  
shroud..... Then I will keep.....

And buy me a shroud Then I will keep, Then I will keep.

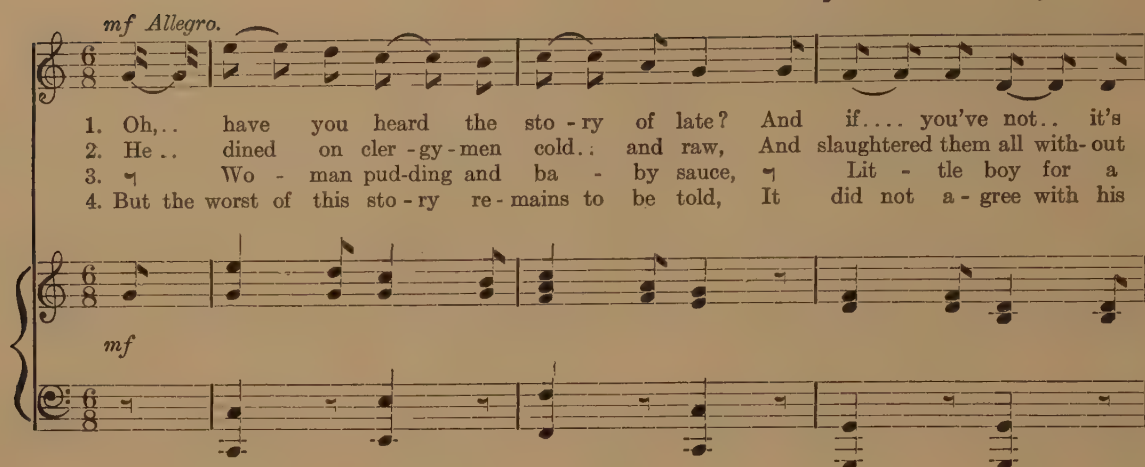
*rall.*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song titled "AND WHEN I DIE." The score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has three staves: a vocal staff in G major (one sharp) and two piano accompaniment staves in G major. The vocal line begins with "booze..... at my head and feet,..... And buy me a". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand. The second system also has three staves. The vocal line continues with "Put a bot-tle of booze, at my head and feet," followed by a rest and then "shroud..... Then I will keep.....". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The second system concludes with a repeat of the vocal line: "And buy me a shroud Then I will keep, Then I will keep." The piano accompaniment for this section includes a "rall." (ritardando) marking. The score ends with a final double bar line.

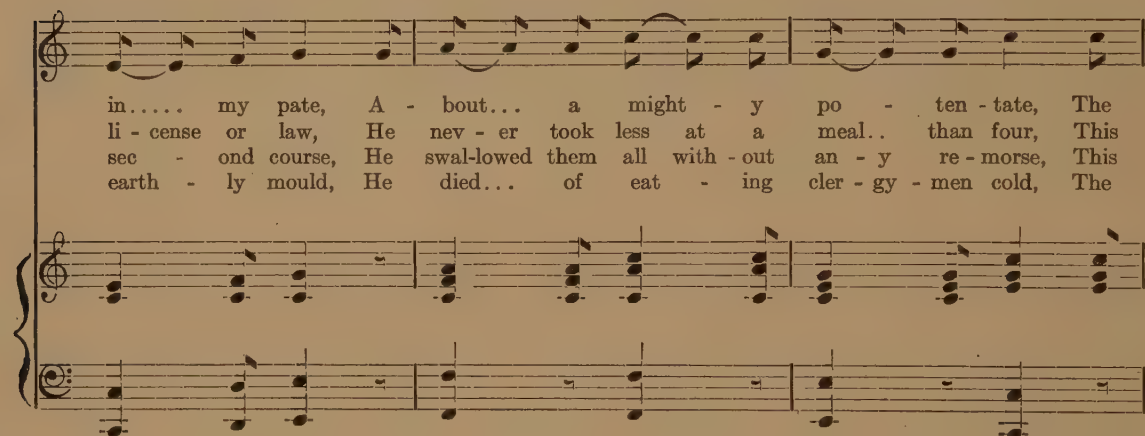
# THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

Arr. by G. L. Coleman, '95.

*mf Allegro.*

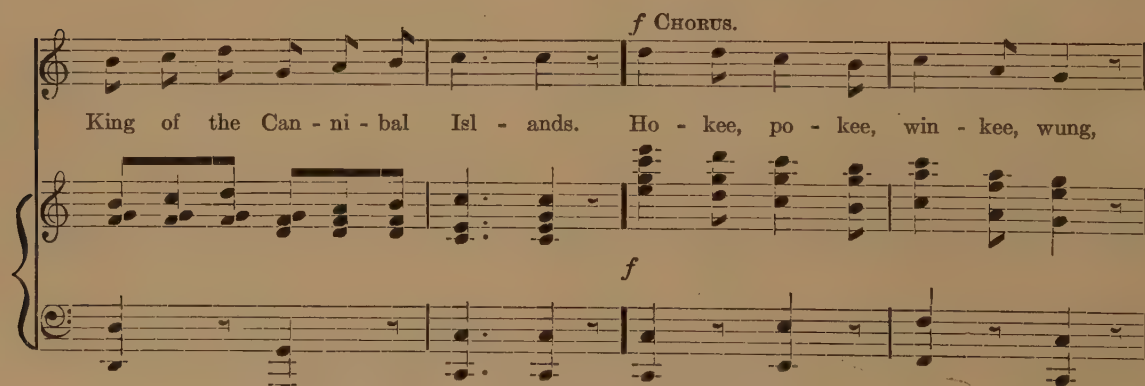


1. Oh... have you heard the sto - ry of late? And if... you've not.. it's  
 2. He... dined on cler - gy - men cold.. and raw, And slaughtered them all with - out  
 3. ♪ Wo - man pud - ding and ba - by sauce, ♪ Lit - tle boy for a  
 4. But the worst of this sto - ry re - mains to be told, It did not a - gree with his



in..... my pate, A - bout... a might - y po - ten - tate, The  
 li - cense or law, He nev - er took less at a meal.. than four, This  
 sec - ond course, He swal - lowed them all with - out an - y re - morse, This  
 earth - ly mould, He died... of eat - ing cler - gy - men cold, The

*f* CHORUS.



King of the Can - ni - bal Isl - ands. Ho - kee, po - kee, win - kee, wung,

Copyright, 1915, by THE STUDENTS ASS'N. COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE.



## THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

Pol - ly ma - koo, ko - mo - ling kung, Han - ga - ree, wan - ga - ree,  
 chin - gi - ring chung, The King of the Can - ni - bal Isl - ands.

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

## MOON, MOON.

Arranged by L. C. Treman, '14.

Moon, moon, Shin - ing up a - bove her; Moon, moon, You will see her soon;  
 Moon, moon, Tell her how I love her; Won't you take this mes - sage to her, Moon, moon, moon?

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Copyright, 1915, by THE STUDENTS ASS'N. COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE.

# HONEY, DAT I LOVE SO WELL.

Words and Music by Harry Freeman.

Arr. by Frank R. Hancock, '12.

*Moderato.*  
TENORS.

Hon-ey, Hon-ey, bless yo' heart, Oh, Hon-ey dat I love so well,....

*mp* BASSES.

*p* (ad lib.)

*cres.* *dim.*

*cres.* *mp* SOLO OR TUTTI (ad lib.)

I done been true, ma gal, to you, Ma Hon-ey, dat I love so well...

*cres.* *sf* *p*

Copyrighted, 1898, by M. WITMARK & SONS, from whom complete copies can be obtained.  
Printed by permission of M. WITMARK & SONS. Arrangement copyrighted, 1913, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.

## CO-EDS' CHANT.

*Devoto.*  
SOPRANOS.

*p*

We college girls say, As at Vespers we pray: Help us good maids to be;

ALTOS.

*p*

*f* *rit.*

Give patience to wait, Till some subse-quent date; World without men. Ah,... me!

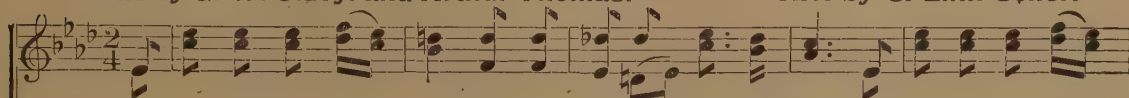
*f* *rit.*

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.  
(62)

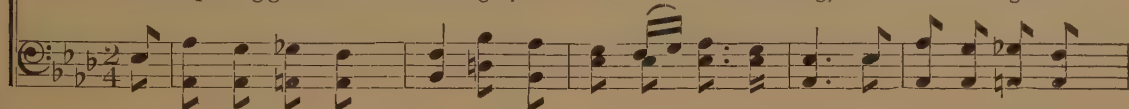
# UPON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS.

Words by G. W. Carryl and Arthur Thomas.

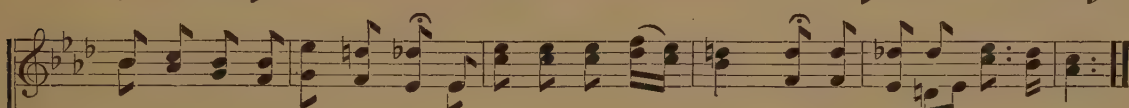
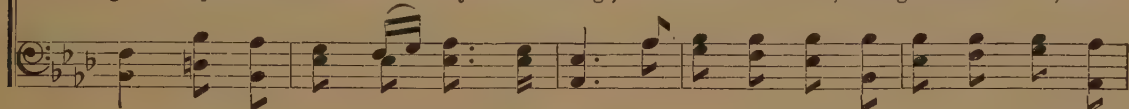
Arr. by C. Linn Seiler.



1. When on the col - lege cam - pus Comes eve-ning's ten - der pall, The moon-light comes to
2. The new moon dips her cres - cent Toward Ve-nus glow-ing near; All na - ture lies qui -
3. The deep-'ning gloom marks mid-night, Yet still we sit and sing, While to the night airs



lin - ger On chap - el and on hall; When day - light dies our voi - ces rise, While  
es - cent—Yet sweet - ly on the ear There falls a low me - lo - dious strain That  
gen - tly The branch - es sway and swing; Ah! free from strife, with glad - ness rife, We



stars look down from si - lent skies, We sing our col - lege prais - es And watch the shad - ows fall.  
swells and dies and swells a - gain—A chant of col - lege prais - es Our list-'ning hearts to cheer.  
bless our care-less stu - dent life, And to our col - lege prais - es We make the ech - oes ring.



Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.

# SWEETHEART, I WAIT FOR THEE.

TENORS.

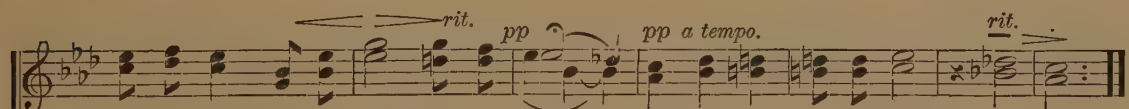
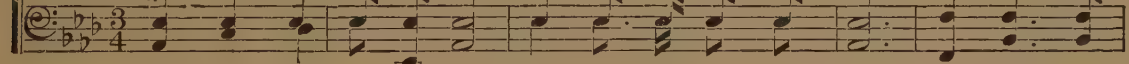
*mp Andante moderato.*

Words and music by T. Dillwyn Thomas.

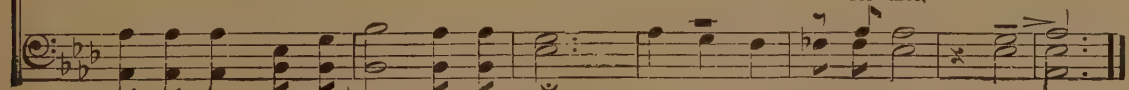


1. Sweet-heart, I wait for thee, Down by the rip - pling stream; Sweet-heart, I
2. Sweet-heart, thy face so fair, With eyes of heav'n - ly blue, Doth ban - ish

BASSES.



wait for thee, 'Neath the moon's sil - v'ry beam.... Sweet-heart, I wait for thee, for thee.  
ev - 'ry care, Oh, my love fond and true.... Sweet-heart, I wait for thee, for thee.  
for thee,



Copyright, 1904, by HINDS, NOBLE & ELDRIDGE  
(63)

# THE LITTLE OLD RED SHAWL.

Arranged by George Rosey.

1. Oh, that lit - tle old red shawl, That lit - tle old red shawl, That  
2. And the night be - fore she died, She called me to her side, And

lit - tle old red shawl my moth - er wore... It was tat - tered, it was torn,  
gave to me that lit - tle old red shawl. It was tat - tered, it was torn,

It showed signs of be - ing worn, That lit - tle old red shawl my moth - er wore.

Copyright, 1908, by HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE.

# DEAR OLD PALS.

*Andante.*  
MELODY IN 2d TENOR.

*Vivo.*

Dear old pals! jol - ly old pals! Al - ways to - geth - er in all sorts of weath - er,

*Andante.*

*Vivo.*

*rit.*

Al - ways game, ev - er the same, Give me for friend - ship my jol - ly old pals!



# BRING THE WAGON HOME, JOHN.

*Moderato.*

Arr. by Frank R. Hancock, '12.

TENORS.

1. Oh, bring the wa-gon home, John, It will not hold us all, We used to ride a -  
 2. Oh, bring the hack.. back, Jack, It will not car - ry all, We used to run a -

BASSES.

round in it, When you and I were small. Oh, bring the wa-gon home, John, It  
 bout in it, When you and I were small. Oh, bring the hack.. back, Jack, It

will not hold us all, We used to ride a-round in it, When you and I were small.  
 will not hold us all, We used to run a-bout in it, When you and I were bug-gy.

Copyright, 1913, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.

# STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

(SERENADE.)

Arranged by George Rosey.

*Dolce.*

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide you  
 2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steep, Sink, sink in

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.  
 sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

Copyright, 1908, by HINDS, NOBLE & ELDRIDGE.

# BY THE WATERMELLON VINE—LINDY LOU.

(THE CHORUS ONLY.)

Words and music by Thos. S. Allen.

*Moderato.*

Lin - dy, Lin - dy, Sweet as the su - gar cane, Lin - dy,

Lin - dy, Say you'll be mine, When the moon am a -

shin - ing, Then my heart am a - pin - ing, Meet me, pret - ty

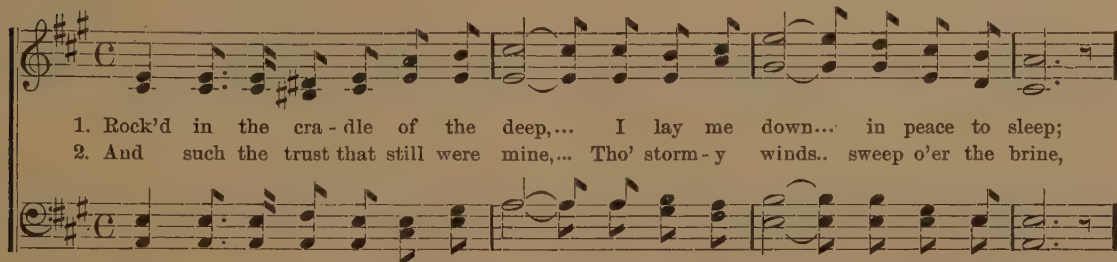
Lin - dy, by.. the wa - ter - mel - lon vine. vine.

Copyright, 1905, by WALTER JACOBS, Boston Mass. From whom complete copies may be obtained. Used by permission.

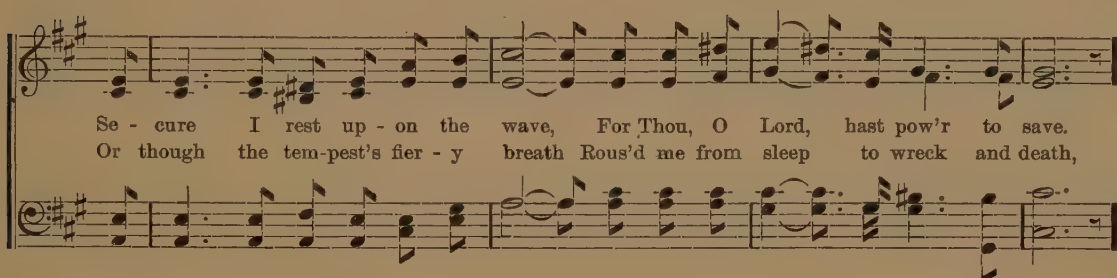
# ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Words by Willard.

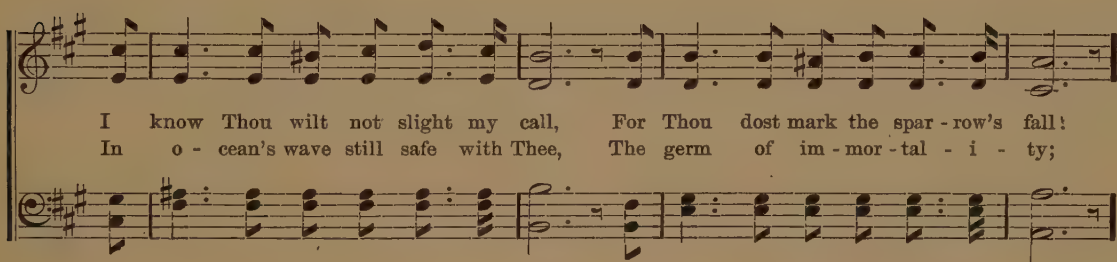
Music by Knight.



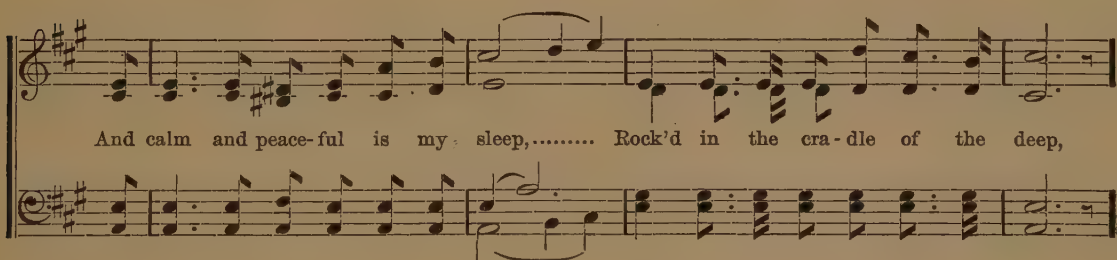
1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep,... I lay me down... in peace to sleep;  
2. And such the trust that still were mine,... Tho' storm-y winds.. sweep o'er the brine,



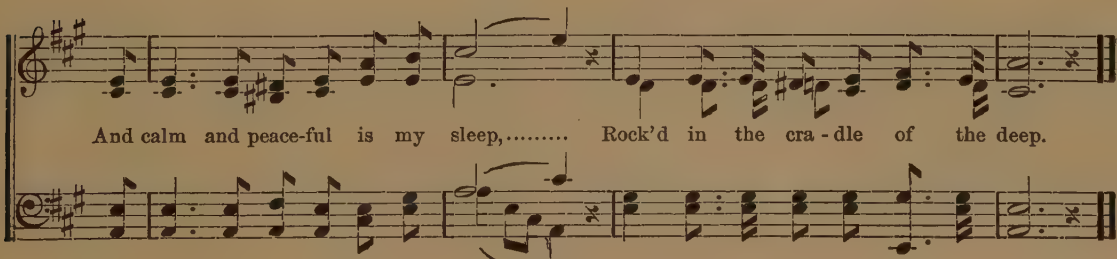
Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.  
Or though the tem-pest's fier - y breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death,



I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall!  
In o - cean's wave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty;



And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,..... Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep,



And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,..... Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

# THE MIDSHIPMITE.

Words by Fred. E. Weatherly.

Music by Stephen Adams.

*Con spirito.*

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *ff*. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

First vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The piano accompaniment follows with a *p* dynamic, then a *f* (forte) dynamic, and returns to *p*. The lyrics are:
 

1. 'Twas in 'fif - ty-five, on a win - ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd got the Roo - shan
2. We launched the cutter an' shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The lub - bers might ha'
3. "I'm done for now, good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You make for the boat, never

Second vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics:
 

lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle Mid - ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my lads, put a - bout! Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we

 The piano accompaniment continues with a *Sva.* (Sustained) marking.

Third vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics:
 

go a - shore to - night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why made for the guns, an' we rammed them tight, But the mus - ket shots came left and right, An' hoist-ed him in, in a ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pulled, ev - ry man with all his might, An'

 The piano accompaniment continues with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic, then a *f* (forte) dynamic.



# THE MIDSHIPMITE.

bless 'ee - sir, come a-long," says we, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo  
 down drops the poor little Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo  
 saved the poor lit - tle Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo

*cres - cen - do. f*

*8va...*

*rall.* *a tempo.*

ho! . . . . With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,

*rall.* *p*

*rall.*

Gai - ly, boys, make her go! . . . . An' we'll drink to - night To the Mid - ship -

*rall.* *f colla voce.*

*Last time.*

mite, Sing - ing cheer - i - ly, lads, yo ho! . . . .

*f* *ff*

# BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

Arranged by James Kendrick.

*mf* Solo.

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the Wal-lap-ing Win-dow Blind! No  
 2. The bo'-swain's mate was ver-y se-date, Yet fond of a - muse-ment too; He  
 3. The cap - tain sat on the Com-mo-dore's hat, And dined in a roy - al way, Off

wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or trou-bled the Cap - tain's mind; The  
 played hop-sotch with the star - board watch, While the cap - tain, he tick-led the crew! And the  
 toast - ed pigs and pic-kles and figs And gun-ner - y bread each day. And the

man at the wheel was made to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est blow - ow - ow, Tho' it  
 gun-ner we had was ap - parent - ly mad, For he sat on the af - ter rai - ai - ail, And  
 cook was Dutch, and be - haved as such, For the di - et he gave the crew - ew - ew, Was a

oft - ten ap - peared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.  
 fired sa - lutes with the cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom - ing gale!  
 num-ber of tons of hot cross - buns Served up with sug - ar and glue.

Copyright, 1902, by HINDS & NOBLE.

# BLOW, YÉ WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

CHORUS.  
TENORS.

*f*

(Mel. in 2d Tenor.)  
Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho! A-rov-ing I will go! I'll stay no more on  
BASSES.

*rit.* *a tempo.*

Eng-land's shore, So let the mu-sic play-ay-ay! I'm off for the morn-ing train! I'll

*rit.* *a tempo.*

cross the rag-ing main! I'm off to my love with a box-ing glove, Ten thousand miles a-way!

4 All nautical pride we laid aside,  
And we ran the vessel ashore  
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,  
And the rubbly Ubdugs roar.  
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge  
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;  
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats  
As they dipped in the shiny sea.  
Then blow, etc.

5 On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,  
We dined till we all had grown  
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk  
Came up from the Torriby Zone.  
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,  
So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee;  
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew  
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.  
Then blow, etc.

# CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.

Words and Music by E. P. Christy.

*Moderato.*

1. On the float - ing scow of old Vir - gin - ny, I work'd in from day to  
2. If I was on - ly young a - gain, I'd lead a dif - f'rent  
3. And when I'm dead and gone place this Old ban - jo by my

day, A - rak - in' a - mongst de oys - ter beds, To me it  
life; I'd save my mon - ey, and buy a farm, And take Di - nah  
side; Let de pos - sum and coon to my fun - 'ral go, For dey was

was but play; But now I'm grow - ing ver - y old, I can - not work an - y  
for my wife; But now old age, he holds me tight, My limbs are grow - ing  
al - ways my pride; And den in soft re - pose I'll sleep, And dream for eb - er -

more; So car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin - ny's shore.  
sore; So take me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin - ny's shore.  
more; You've car - ried me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin - ny's shore.



## CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.

CHORUS *Faster.*

Den ear - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin - ny shore;

Oh, ear - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, to old Vir - gin - ny shore.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginny'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The first system is labeled 'CHORUS' and 'Faster.' The lyrics for the first system are 'Den ear - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin - ny shore;'. The second system has the lyrics 'Oh, ear - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, to old Vir - gin - ny shore.' The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

## EVERYBODY WORKS BUT "DAVY."

Everybody works at Cornell  
 But David Fletcher Hoy;  
 He sits up in Morrill—  
 Busts out many a boy.  
 Prexy does the talking,  
 Williams takes the dough—  
 Everybody works but "Davy,"  
 Now ain't that so? Etc.

## FACULTY.

Air: "Tammany."

Ezra Cornell was an Indian; so was Henry Sage;  
 Pale-face students— Dagoes!— killed 'em at an early age.  
 But there is another Indian He may go to h—ll;  
 Up in Morrill, number Threé, he gives his Cornell Yell.  
 Faculty! Faculty! Up in Morrill number Three  
 Davy raises h—ll with me.  
 Faculty! Faculty! Bust 'em; bust 'em— that's the custom!  
 Faculty!

# DIXIE'S LAND.

**Dan Emmet.**

Arranged by George Rosoy.


*Allegro.*

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten, Look a -  
2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry.... "Will-de-weab-er," Willium was a gay de-ceab-er; Look a -  
3. His face was sharp as a butcher's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er; Look a -

*f*

way! Look a-way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. In... Dix - ie Land whar  
 way! Look a-way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But.. when he put his  
 way! Look a-way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Old.. Mis - sus act - ed the

*p*



The musical score for "The Frog Song" is presented in two systems. The first system shows the vocal melody on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes. Below the staff, the lyrics are written in a stylized, handwritten font. The second system shows the piano accompaniment on a single staff with a bass clef. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, providing a simple harmonic support for the vocal line. The overall style is that of a vintage sheet music publication.

*f*

I was born in, .. Ear-ly on one fros-ty mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-  
 arm around 'er, .. He smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-  
 fool-ish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-

CHORUS.

way! Dix - ie Land. } Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo -

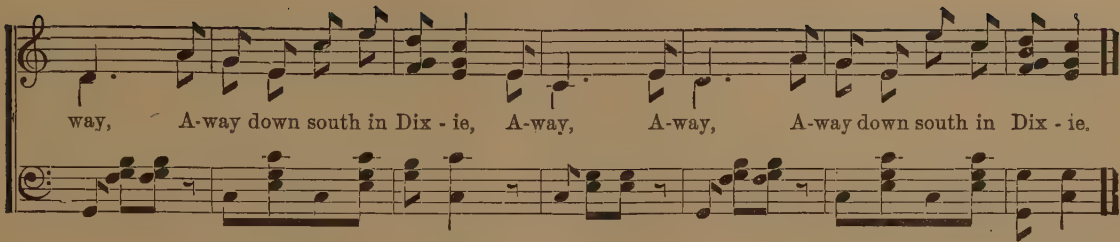
way! Dix - ie Land.

way! Dix - ie Land.

ray! In Dix - ie Land, I'll took my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, A .

Copyright, 1908, by HINDS, NOBLE & ELDRIDGE.

## DIXIE'S LAND.



way, A-way down south in Dix - ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix - ie.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,  
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;  
Look away! etc.  
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,  
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,  
Look away! etc.

5 Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,  
Makes you fat or a little fatter;  
Look away! etc.  
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,  
To Dixie's land I'm bound to 'trabble,  
Look away! etc.

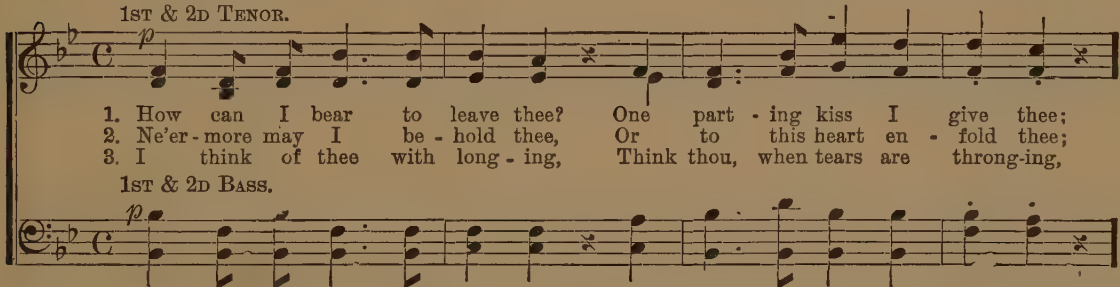
## SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Arranged by George Rosey.

Music by Johanna Kinkle.

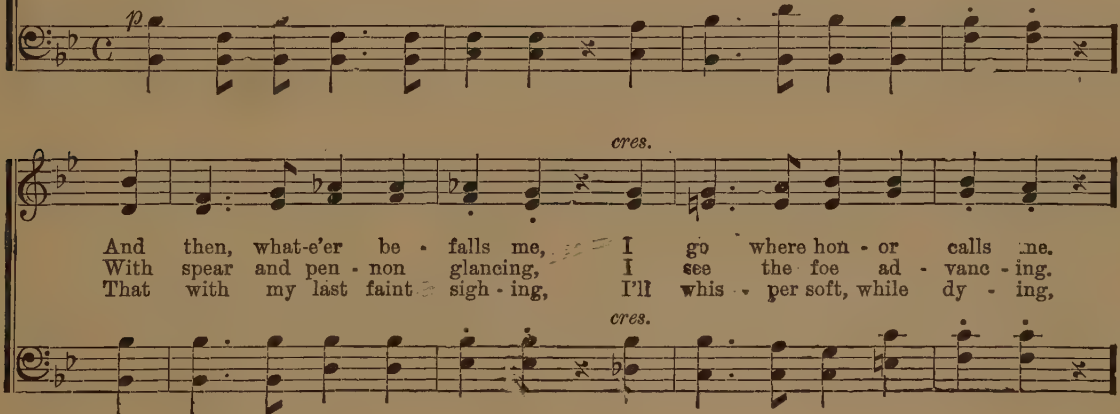
*Andante.*

1ST & 2D TENOR.



1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee;  
2. Ne'er - more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee;  
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing,

1ST & 2D BASS.



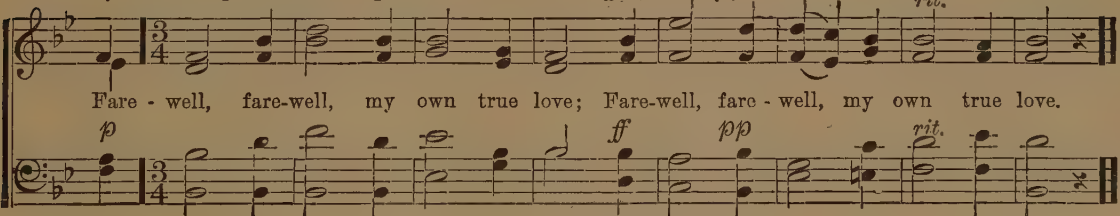
And then, what-e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me.  
With spear and pen - non glancing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing.  
That with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing,

*p* *Tranquillo e molto espress.*

*f*

*pp*

*rit.*



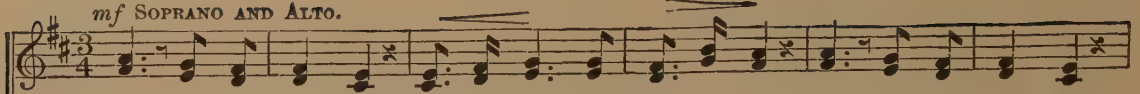
Fare - well, fare-well, my own true love; Fare-well, fare - well, my own true love.

Copyright, 1908, by HINDS, NOBLE & ELDERIDGE.

# JUANITA.

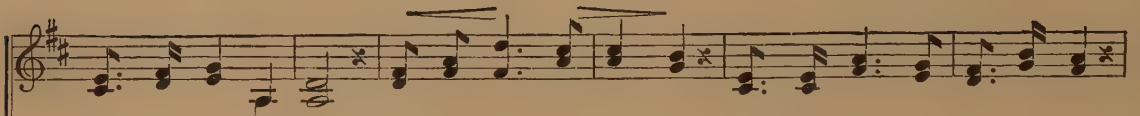
*Andante.*

*mf* SOPRANO AND ALTO.

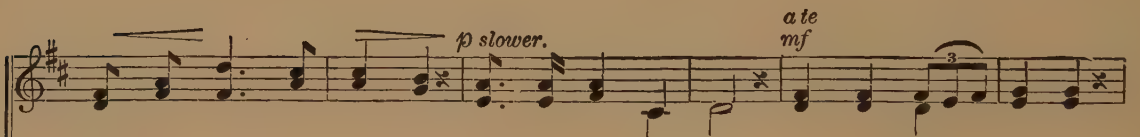
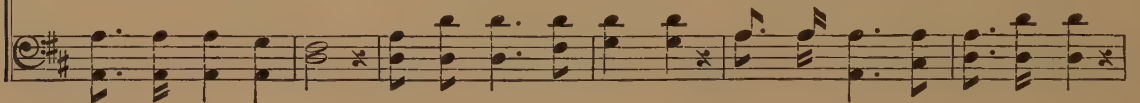


1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,  
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moonslike these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam ing

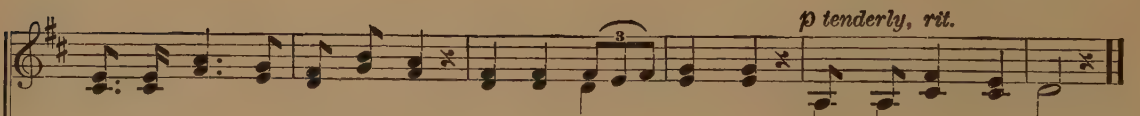
*mf* TENOR AND BASS.



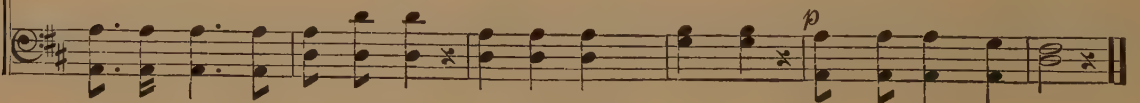
Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,  
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,



Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!  
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!



Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.  
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!



By permission.



# DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Words by Ben Jonson.

Old English Air.

*mp*

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine, . .  
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring thee, . .

*mn*

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; . . . The  
 As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; . . . But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, . .  
 thou there-on did'st on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, . .

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine. . .  
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee. . .

# LAST NIGHT.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Nash.

Halfdan Kjerulf.

Arranged by George Rosey.

*Andante Moderato.*

*pp*

1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night, when all was still,..... It  
 2. I think of you in the day time, I dream of you by night;..... I  
 3. Near you the moments are gold - en, With hope you fill my heart;..... When

*pp*

sang in the gold - en moon - light, From out the wood - land hill..... I  
 wake and would you were here, love, And tears are blind-ing my sight,..... I  
 ab - sent, all life seems dark, love, All joys, all pleasures de - part..... The

*rit.*

*pp dolce.*

o - pened my win - dow so gen - tly, I looked on the dream - ing dew,..... And  
 hear a low breath in the lime - tree, The wind is.... float - ing through..... And  
 zeph - yrs that waft you to dream - land, Each ray from the heav'n - ly blue,..... The

*f*

*rit.*

oh! the bird, my dar - ling, Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you.....  
 oh! the night, my dar - ling, Was sigh - ing, sigh - ing for you, for you.....  
 winds, the stars, my dar - ling, Are tell - ing, tell - ing my love for you.....

*f*

*rit.*

Copyright, 1908, by Hinds Noble & Eldredge.

# SANTA LUCIA.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

1. Oh, moon, whose mys - tic veil, From the skies fall - ing, Gilds sigh - ing
2. Zeph - yrs are ne'er at rest O'er the sea bring - ing Cool - ness to
3. What great - er joy can be In our love - dream - ing, Than thus to

*mf*

wave - lets pale, To our hearts call - ing; Glo - rious the sum - mer night,  
brow and breast, Far a - way sing - ing. Still waits my bark for thee,  
drift with thee, O'er wave - lets gleam - ing? Bride borne o'er sum - mer sea,

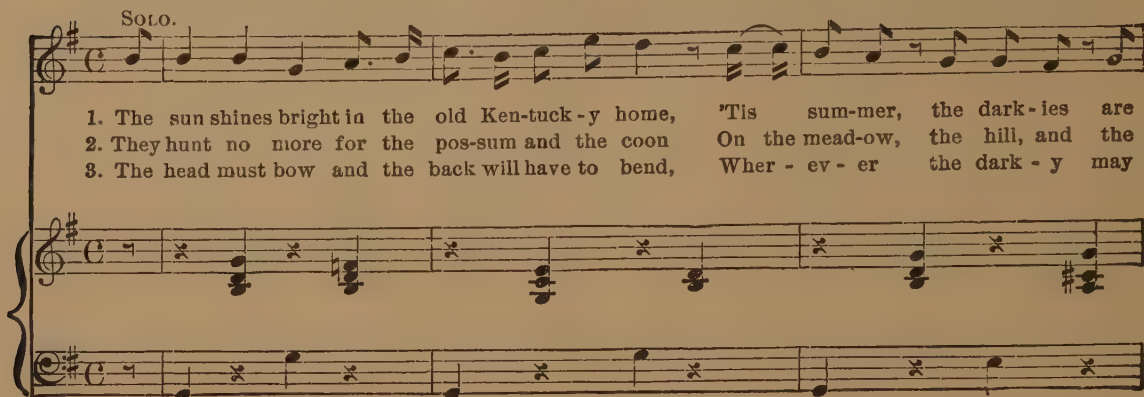
Sea - strand and bil - lows white, San - ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!  
Come, dream and drift with me, San - ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!  
Na - ples, thy pride to be, San - ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!

# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

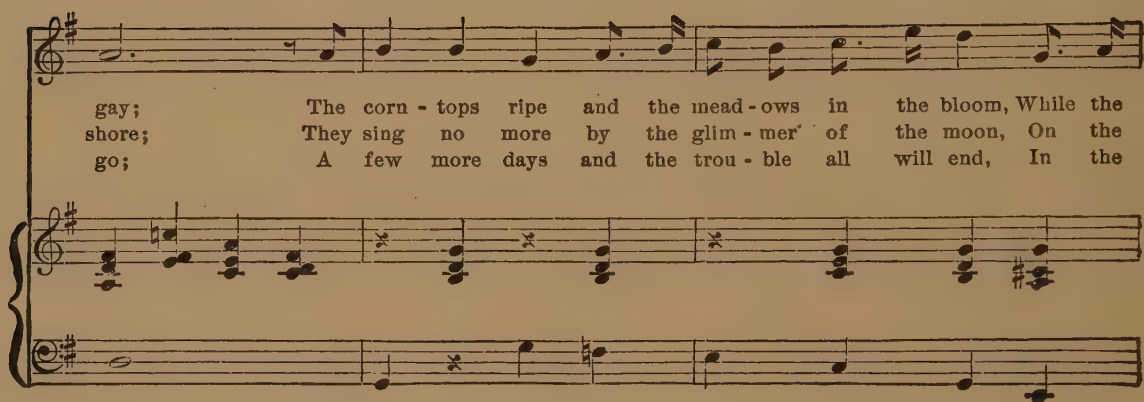
Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.

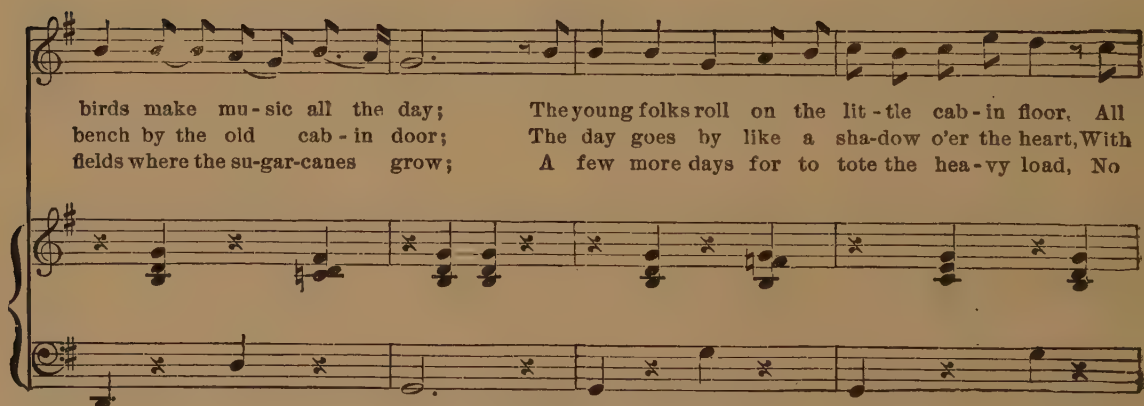
*Solo.*



1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are  
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the hill, and the  
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark - y may



gay; The corn - tops ripe and the mead - ows in the bloom, While the  
 shore; They sing no more by the glim - mer of the moon, On the  
 go; A few more days and the trou - ble all will end, In the



birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All  
 bench by the old cab-in door; The day goes by like a sha-dow o'er the heart, With  
 fields where the su-gar-canes grow; A few more days for to tote the hea-vy load, No

Used by permission of W. A. POND & Co.



# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door, Then my  
 sor-row where all was de-light, The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my  
 mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A few more days will we tot-ter on the road, Then my

## CHORUS.

old Kentuck-y home, good-night. Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day; We will

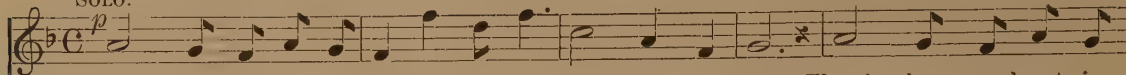
sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a-way.

# OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Melody by S. C. Foster.

Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.

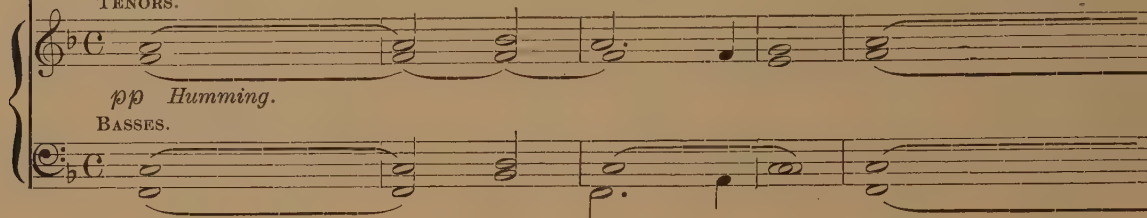
SOLO.



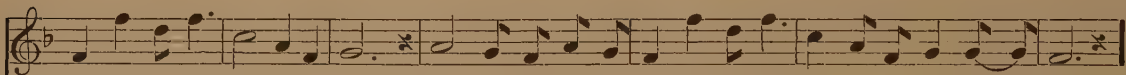
1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a-way, There's where my heart is  
2. One lit-tle hut a-mong the bush-es, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my

CHORUS.

TENORS.



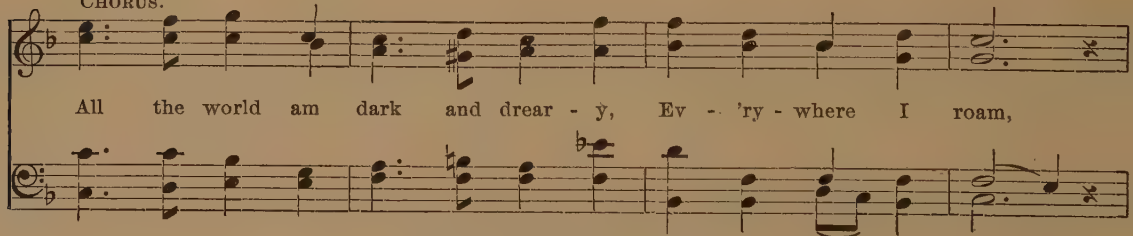
turn-ing ev-er, There's where the old folks stay; All up and down the  
mem-ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove. When shall I see the



whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.  
bees a-humming, All round the comb? When shall I hear the ban-jo thrumming, Down in my good old home?



CHORUS.



All the world am dark and drear-y, Ev-'ry-where I roam,

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

## OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

O dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from the Old Folks at Home.

## OLD BLACK JOE.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

*Poco adagio.*

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the  
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my  
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren dear, that I

cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know. I  
 friends come not a-gain? Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go, I  
 held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I

CHORUS.

hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my

head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

Published by permission of Wm. A. Pond & Co., Owners of the Copyright.

# THE SPANISH CAVALIER.

*p* *Moderato. dolce.*

1. A Span-ish cav - a-lier stood in his re-treat, And on his gui-tar play'd a tune, dear; The  
 2. I am off to the war, to the war I must go, To fight for my coun-try and you, dear; But  
 3. And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re-turn, Back to my coun-try and you, dear; But

*f*

mu-sic so sweet, they'd oft-times re-peat, The bless-ing of my coun - try and you, dear.  
 if I should fall, in vain I would call, The bless-ing of my coun - try and you, dear.  
 if I be slain, you may seek me in vain, Up - on the bat-tle - field you will find me.

*f* CHORUS.

Say, dar - ling, say, when I'm far a-way, Some-times you may think of me, dear,

*f*

Bright sun - ny days will soon fade a-way, Re-mem - ber what I say, and be true, dear.

Used by permission of LEO FEIST, owner of the copyright.



# OLD NASSAU.

PRINCETON.

Words by H. P. Peck.

Carl Langlotz.

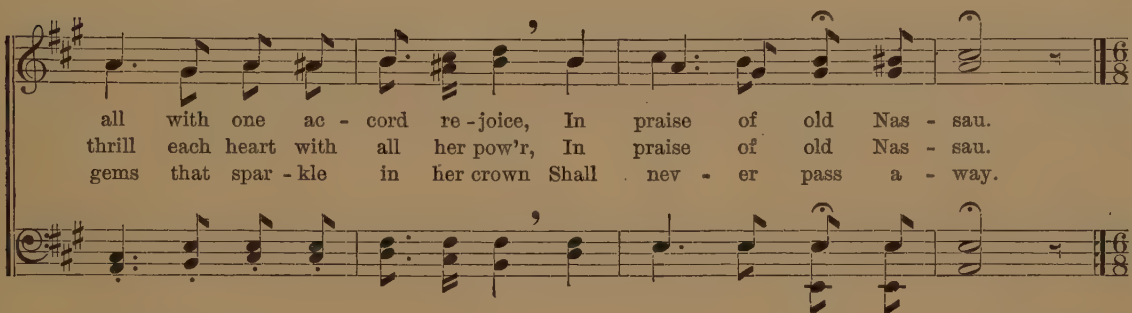
Arranged for Male Voices by Ernest Carter.

*Animoso.*  
TENORS.

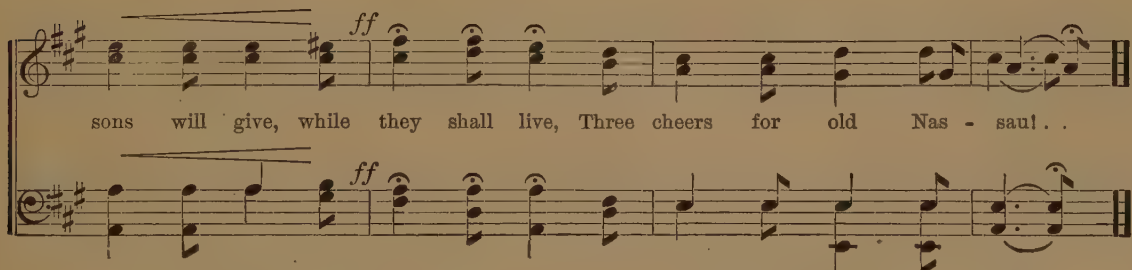
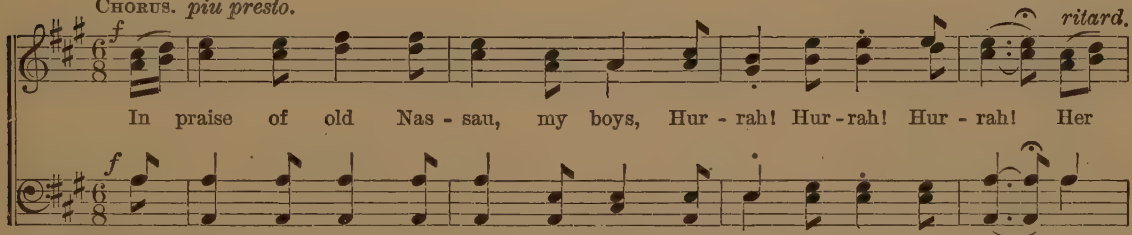


- mf*
1. Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry voice, Bid ev - 'ry care with - draw; Let
  2. Let mu - sic rule the fleet - ing hour,—Her man - tle round us draw; And
  3. No flow - 'ry chap - let would we twine, To with - er and de - cay; The

BASSES.



CHORUS. *piu presto.*



4 And when these walls in dust are laid,  
With reverence and awe,  
Another throng shall breathe our song,  
In praise of old Nassau. — Cho.

5 Till then with joy our songs we'll bring,  
And while a breath we draw,  
We'll all unite to shout and sing,  
Long life to old Nassau. — Cho.

Used by permission of ERNEST CARTER, owner of the copyright.

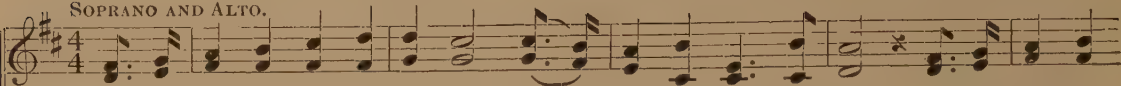
# THE ORANGE AND THE BLACK.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

Words by Clarence B. Mitchell.


Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.




1. Although Yale has al-ways fav-ored The . . vi - o - let's dark blue, And the gen - tle  
2. Thro' the four long years of col - lege, Midst the scenes we know so well, As the mys - tic  
3. When the cares of life o'er-take us, Ming-ling fast our locks with gray, Should our dear - est

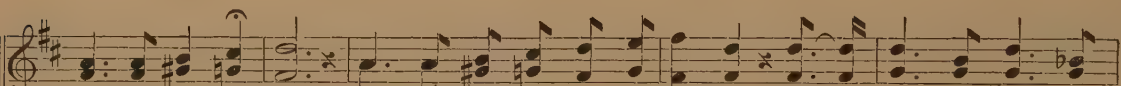
TENOR AND BASS.




sons of Har - vard To the crim - son rose are true, We will own the lil - ies  
charm to knowl - edge We . . vain - ly seek to spell; Or we win ath - let - ic  
hopes be - tray us, False For - tune fall a - way, Still we'll ban - ish care and



slen - der, Nor hon - or shall they lack, While the Ti - ger stands de - fen - der Of the  
vic - t'ries On the foot - ball field or track, Still we work for dear old Prince - ton, And the  
sad - ness As we turn our mem - 'ries back, And re - call those days of glad - ness 'Neath the



Or - ange and the Black; We will own the lil - ies slen - der, Nor hon - or shall they  
Or - ange and the Black; Or we win ath - let - ic vic - t'ries On the foot - ball field or  
Or - ange and the Black; Still we'll ban - ish care and sad - ness As we turn our mem - 'ries



lack, While the Ti - ger stands de - fend - er Of the Or - ange and the Black.  
track, Still we work for dear old Prince - ton, And the Or - ange and the Black.  
back, And re - call those days of glad - ness 'Neath the Or - ange and the Black.

Melody used by permission of the WHITE-SMITH MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, owners of the copyright.

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

# THE PRINCETON CANNON SONG MARCH.

(Dedicated to the Class of 1907.)

J. F. Hewitt, '07, and A. H. Osborn, '07.

The first system of the march is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is marked with a forte *f* dynamic. The music consists of a series of chords and eighth-note patterns.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment and includes the vocal melody. The vocal line is marked *8va.* and the piano line *8va bassa.* The lyrics "In Prince - ton - town we've" are written below the vocal staff.

The third system continues the piano accompaniment and includes the vocal melody. The lyrics "got a team That knows the way to play,..... With" are written below the vocal staff.

The fourth system continues the piano accompaniment and includes the vocal melody. The lyrics "Prince - ton spir - it back of them, They're sure to win the" are written below the vocal staff.

Copyright, 1906, by THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY. Used by permission.

# THE PRINCETON CANNON SONG MARCH.

day..... With cheers and song we'll ral - ly round The

can - non as of yore,..... And.. Nas - sau's walls will

ech - - o with The Prince - ton Ti - ger's roar. *fz*

*mf-f* Crash through the line of blue,..... And send the backs on

round the end,..... Fight! fight! for



# THE PRINCETON CANNON SONG MARCH.

ev - 'ry yard,..... Prince - ton's hon - or to de - fend. 'Rah! (Spoken.)

rah! rah! rah! Ti - ger! Siss! Boom! ah!..... And lo - co -

mo - tives by the score,..... For we'll

fight with a vim, That is dead sure to win For.. old

Nas - - - sau. *ff* sau.....

# YALE BOOLA SONG.

Music by A. M. Hirsh.  
Arranged by Thos. G. Shepard.

1. Well, here we are; well, here we are! Just watch us roll - ing up a  
 2. Now is - n't it a shame, now, is - n't it a shame, To do those fel - lows up so

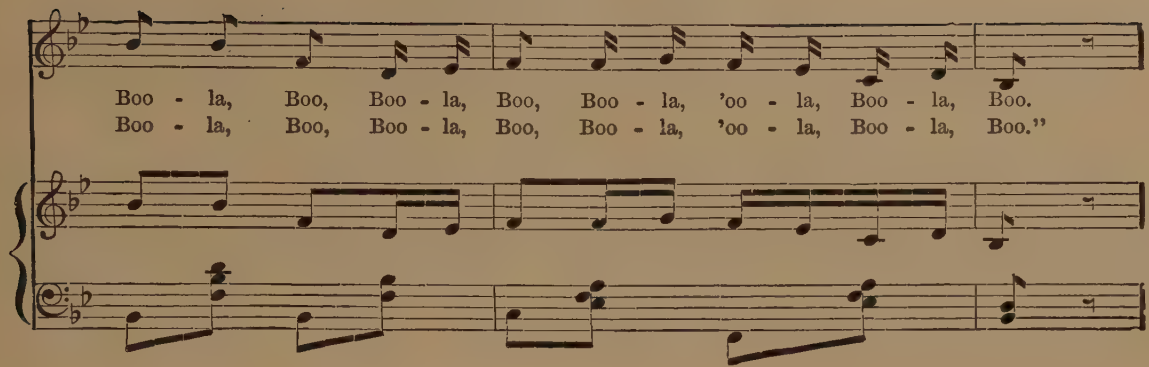
score. We'll leave those fel - lows be - hind so far, They  
 bad? We've done it be - fore, we can do it once more, Though

won't want to play us an - y more! We've hope and faith in  
 they'll feel ver - y, ver - y sad. We'll roll up the score so

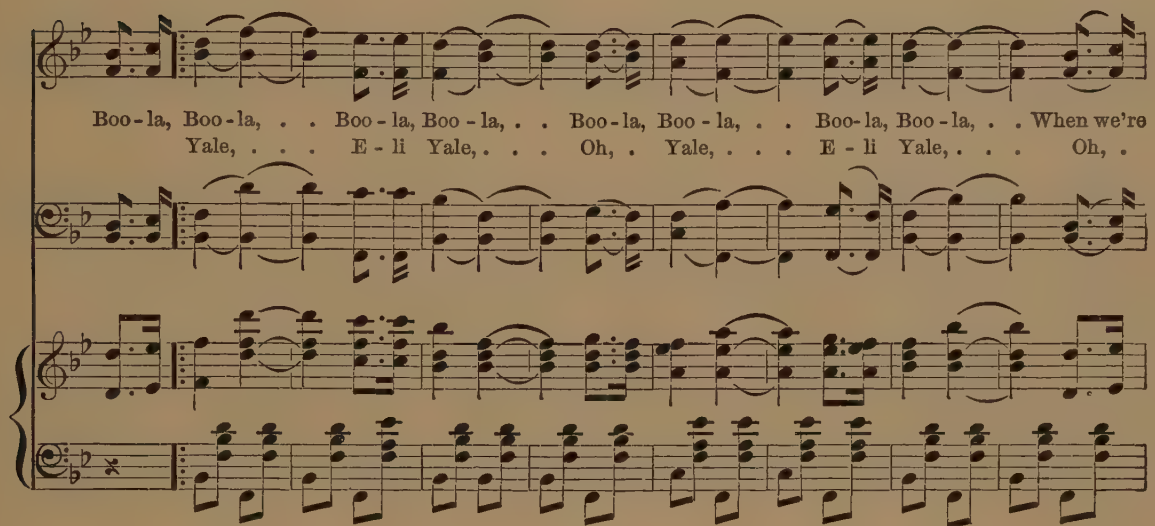
E - li Yale! To win we can - not fail! Well, a Boo - la, Boo, Boo - la,  
 ver - y high, That you will hear them sigh, "Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo, Boo - la,

Copyright, 1903. by HINDS & NOBLE. By permission of CHAS. H. LOOMIS, New Haven, Conn.,  
 Publisher of the "Yale Boola March."

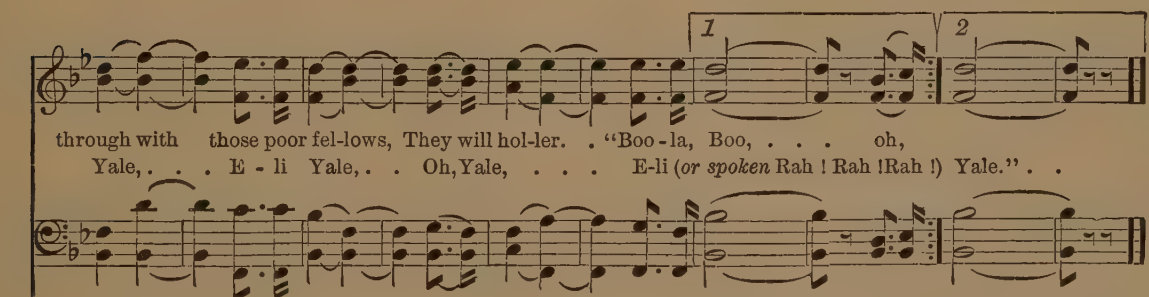
# YALE BOOLA SONG.



Boo - la, Boo, Boo - la, Boo, Boo - la, 'oo - la, Boo - la, Boo.  
 Boo - la, Boo, Boo - la, Boo, Boo - la, 'oo - la, Boo - la, Boo."



Boo-la, Boo-la, . . Boo-la, Boo-la, . . Boo-la, Boo-la, . . Boo-la, Boo-la, . . When we're  
 Yale, . . . E-li Yale, . . . Oh, . Yale, . . . E-li Yale, . . . Oh, .



through with those poor fel-lows, They will hol-ler. . "Boo-la, Boo, . . . oh,  
 Yale, . . . E-li Yale, . . Oh, Yale, . . . E-li (or spoken Rah ! Rah ! Rah !) Yale." . .

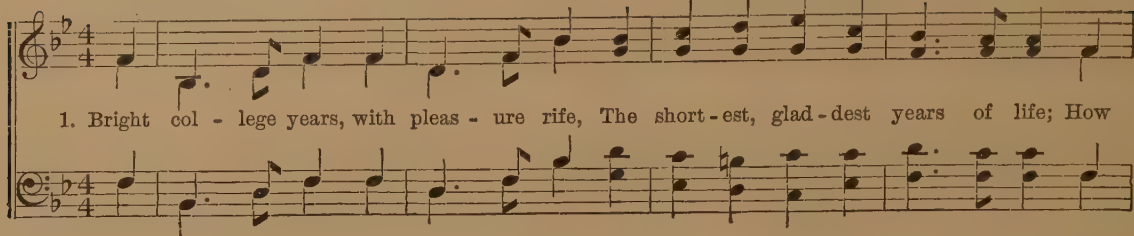


1 2 8va.

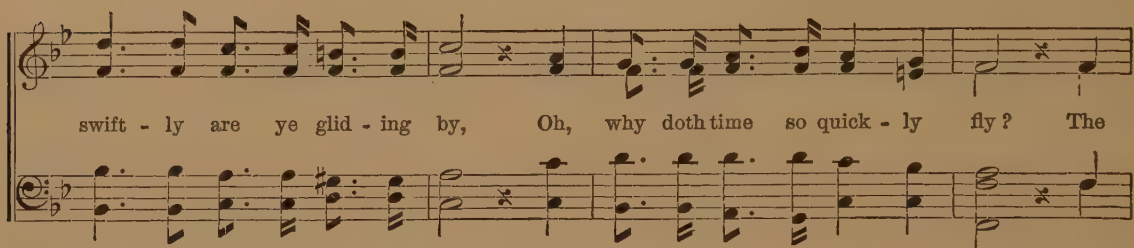
# DEAR OLD YALE.

Words by H. S. Durand.

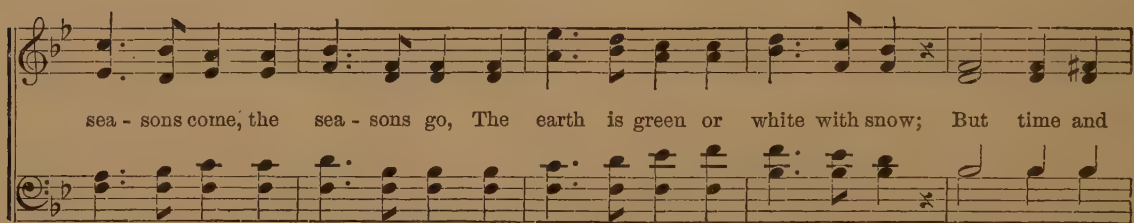
Arranged by R. W. Atkinson.



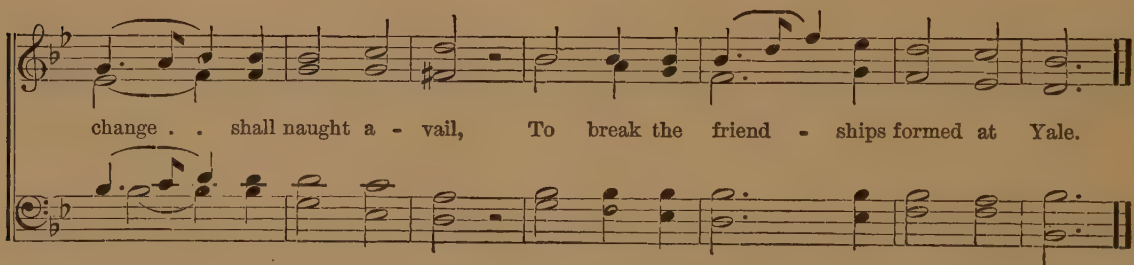
1. Bright col - lege years, with pleas - ure rife, The short - est, glad - dest years of life; How



swift - ly are ye glid - ing by, Oh, why doth time so quick - ly fly? The



sea - sons come, the sea - sons go, The earth is green or white with snow; But time and



change . . shall naught a - vail, To break the friend - ships formed at Yale.

2 We all must leave this college home,  
About the stormy world to roam;  
But though the mighty ocean's tide  
Should us from dear old Yale divide,  
As round the oak the ivy twines  
The clinging tendrils of its vines,  
So are our hearts close bound to Yale  
By ties of love that ne'er shall fail.

3 In after-life, should troubles rise  
To cloud the blue of sunny skies,  
How bright will seem, thro' memory's haze,  
The happy, golden, bygone days!  
Oh, let us strive that ever we  
May let these words our watch-cry be,  
Where'er upon life's sea we sail:  
"For God, for Country, and for Yale."

Copyright, 1901. by HINDS & NOBLE.



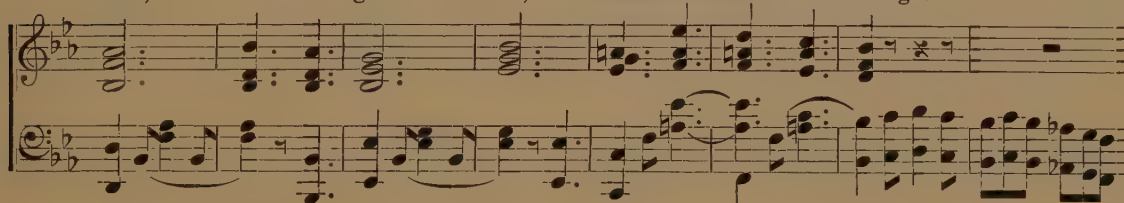
# OUR DIRECTOR. Music by F. E. Bigelow.

Arranged by  
Albert M. Kanrich.

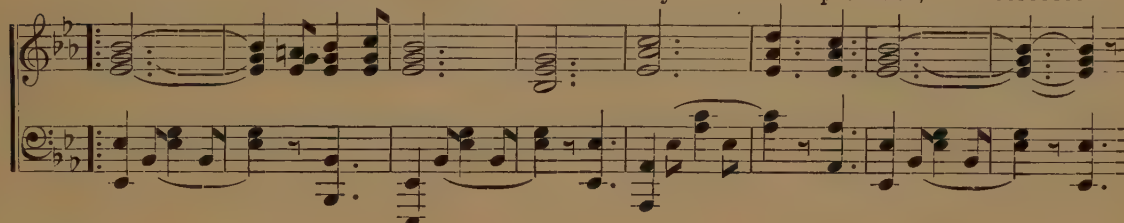
Hard luck.... for poor old El - il Tough on the blue;.....



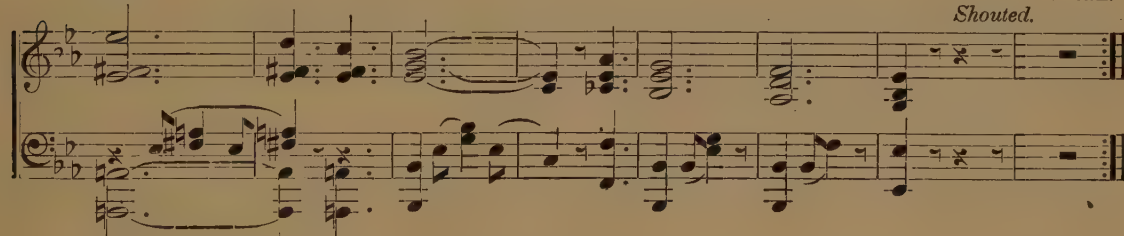
Now, all to - geth - er, Smash them and break through!



'Gainst..... the line of Crim - son They can't pre - vail,.....



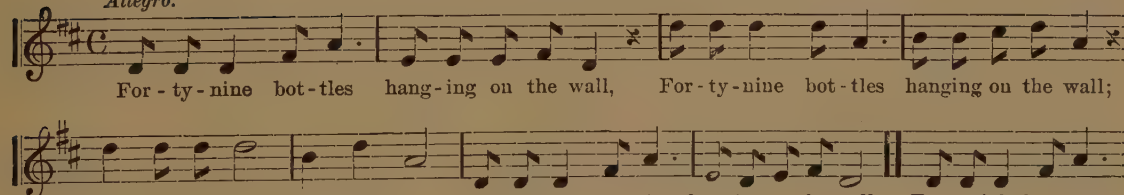
Three cheers for Har - vard! And down with Yale! Rah! Rah! Rah!  
*Shouted.*



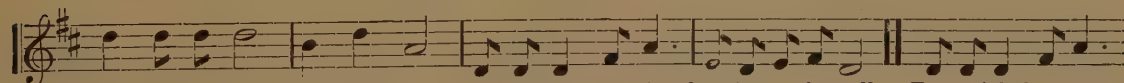
Melody copyrighted, 1901, by JEAN MISSUD. Used by permission of G. W. SETCHELL, proprietor of the copyright.  
Copyright, 1912, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.

## FORTY-NINE BOTTLES.

*Allegro.*



For - ty - nine bot - tles hang - ing on the wall, For - ty - nine bot - tles hanging on the wall;




Take one a - way from them all, For - ty - eight bot - tles hanging on the wall. Forty-eight bottles, etc.

To return by the same route, use:—"Add one bottle to them all."

# FAIR HARVARD.


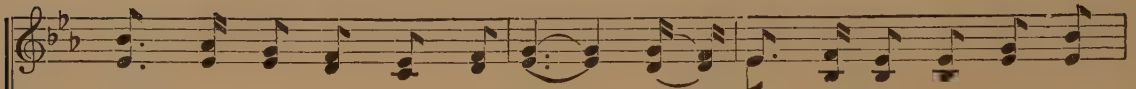
Arranged by Karl P. Harrington.

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.





1. Fair Har - vard! thy sons to thy ju - bi - lee throng, And with  
 2. To thy bow'rs we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the  
 3. When as pil - grims we come to re - vis - it thy halls, To what  
 4. Fare - well! be thy des - ti - nies on - ward and bright! To thy

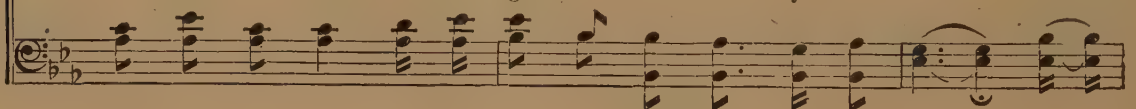
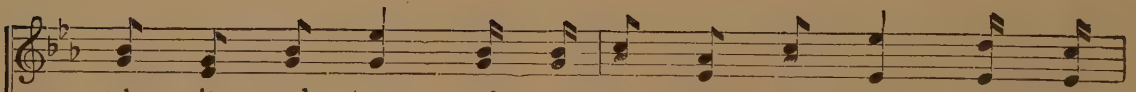
TENORS AND BASSES.

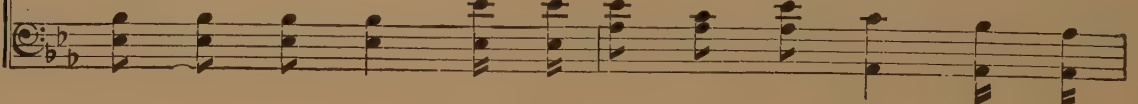
bless - ings sur - rend - er thee o'er, By these fes - ti - val rites, from the  
 home of our in - fan - tile years, When our fa - thers had warn'd, and our  
 kind - lings the seas - on gives birth! Thy shades are more sooth - ing, thy  
 chil - dren the les - son still give, With free - dom to think, and with

age that is past To the age that is wait - ing be - fore. O,  
 moth - ers had pray'd, And our sis - ters had blest through their tears. Thou  
 sun - light more dear, Than de - scend on less priv - i - leged earth. For the  
 pa - tience to bear, And for right ev - er brave - ly to live. Let not

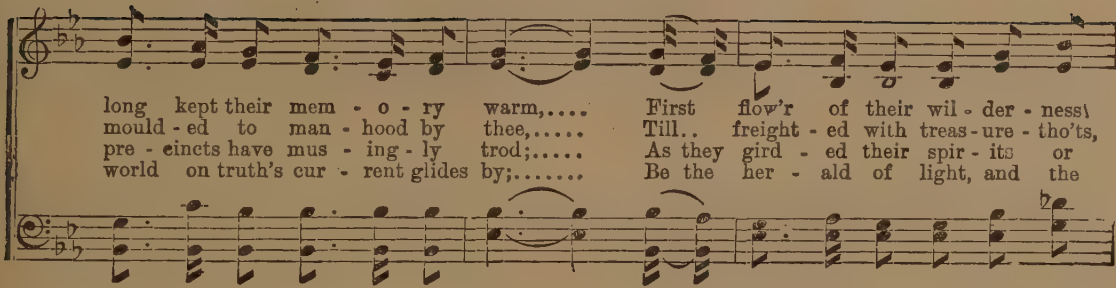



rel - ic and type of our an - ces - tors' worth, That has  
 then wert our pa - rent, the nurse of our soul; We were  
 good and the great, in their beau - ti - ful prime, Thro' thy  
 moss - cov - er'd er - ror moor thee at its side, As the

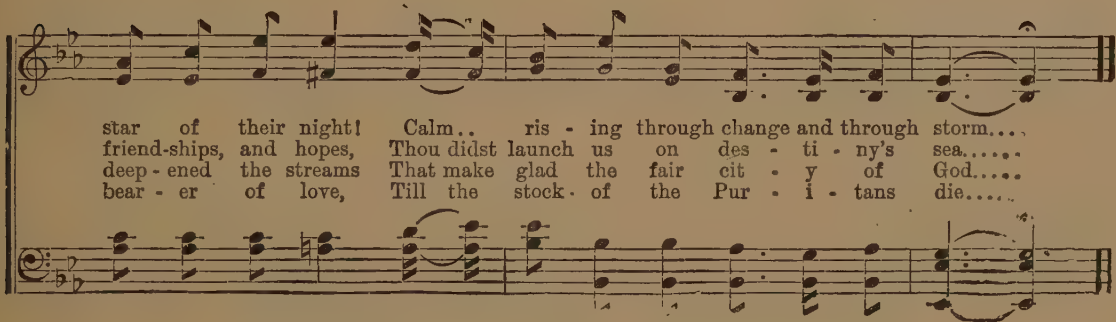


Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

# FAIR HARVARD.



long kept their mem - o - ry warm,.... First flow'r of their wil - der - ness,  
mould - ed to man - hood by thee,.... Till.. freight - ed with treas - ure - tho'ts,  
pre - cincts have mus - ing - ly trod;.... As they gird - ed their spir - its or  
world on truth's cur - rent glides by;..... Be the her - ald of light, and the

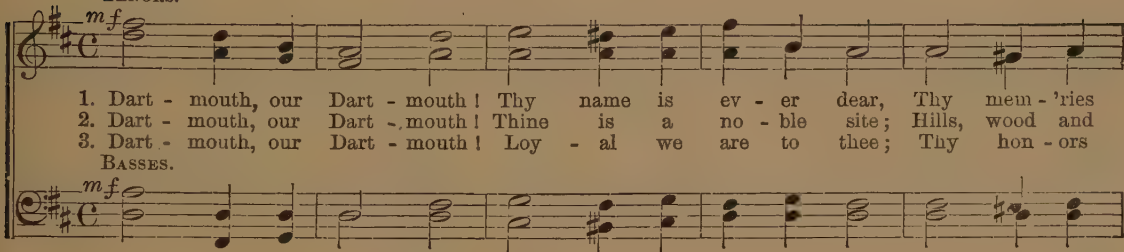


star of their night! Calm.. ris - ing through change and through storm...  
friend-ships, and hopes, Thou didst launch us on des - ti - ny's sea.....  
deep - ened the streams That make glad the fair cit - y of God.....  
bear - er of love, Till the stock of the Pur - i - tans die.....

## DARTMOUTH, OUR DARTMOUTH!

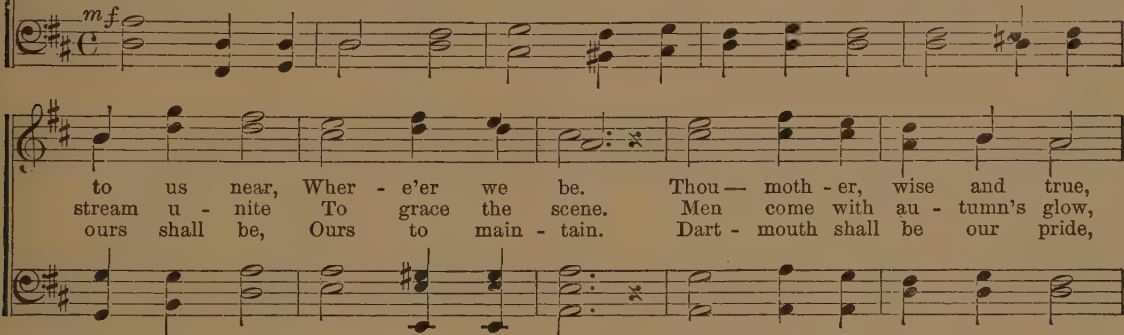
### DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

TENORS.

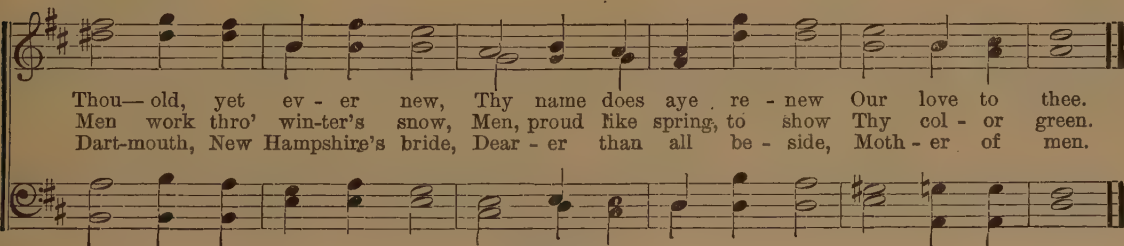


*mf*  
1. Dart - mouth, our Dart - mouth! Thy name is ev - er dear, Thy mem - 'ries  
2. Dart - mouth, our Dart - mouth! Thine is a no - ble site; Hills, wood and  
3. Dart - mouth, our Dart - mouth! Loy - al we are to thee; Thy hon - ors

BASSES.



*mf*  
to us near, Wher - e'er we be. Thou - moth - er, wise and true,  
stream u - nite To grace the scene. Men come with au - tumn's glow,  
ours shall be, Ours to main - tain. Dart - mouth shall be our pride,



Thou - old, yet ev - er new, Thy name does aye re - new Our love to thee.  
Men work thro' win - ter's snow, Men, proud like spring, to show Thy col - or green.  
Dart - mouth, New Hampshire's bride, Dear - er than all be - side, Moth - er of men.

By permission.

# THE ROYAL PURPLE.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

Words by F. W. Memmott and F. D. Goodwin. Music by B. T. Bartlett.

Arranged by R. W. Atkinson.

*Tempo di Marcia. p*

1. If you ask us why our moth-er Took the Pur-ple for her choice, And  
 2. They may drive us back by inch-es,— We strive to get the ball; We  
 3. They may lead us ev-'ry in-ning,— We keep them hard at work; And  
 4. While in life's stern game we're striving, Our pluck can nev-er fail; That

why each loy-al broth-er At its beau-ty should re-joice; . . 'Tis be-  
 hold our own by clinch-es, Their gains are al-ways small. . . Their  
 with lit-tle chance of win-ning, We not a mo-ment shirk. . . They  
 firm-ness still sur-viv-ing, We're nev-er known to quail. . . Then we

cause this col-or choos-ing, Wise mon-archs wear with pride, And  
 rush-es may be clev-er, Their in-ter-fer-ence fine; There  
 may be bat-tling strong-ly, Their field-ing may be great; You  
 show a spir-it roy-al, As in-the ninth our nine, There's

Words and melody used by permission of B. T. BARTLETT, owner of the copyright.

Copyright, 1901, by HINDS & NOBLE.



# THE ROYAL PURPLE.

*rit.*

when our boys seem los - ing, The Pur - ple turns the tide.  
 comes their last en - deav - or, — We're on our "Five Yard Line."  
 rea - son mat - ters wrong - ly The ninth will make all straight.  
 still a "Stone Wall" loy - al, When we're on our "Five Yard Line."

*rit.*

## CHORUS. SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.

Some vaunt the crim - son, some the blue, the blue, And some their hon - est  
 TENORS AND BASSES.

green, their green, We're to the re - gal col - or true, yes true; Of

*p*

Berkshire's peer-less Queen; . . Tho' ri - vals fain would scorn it, And min-gle it with  
*p*  
 our Queen,

*f*

white. . . It's our grand old Roy - al Pur - ple, And we triumph in it's might.  
*f*

# CHEER FOR OLD AMHERST.

Words and music by Jason Noble Pierce.

1. Come and sing, all ye loy - al Am-herst men, Come and  
 2. Soon our foe shall our strength in con-flict know, • Soon our

give a rous - ing cheer, Join our line as we march a - long so fine, With  
 pow - er they shall feel, Vanquished then they'll give way to Amherst men, Whose

hearts that have no fear. Left and right 'neath the pur - ple and the white We will  
 cords are strong as steel. Then let's hear, ring-ing out, an - oth - er cheer Which will

Used by permission of JASON N. PIERCE, owner of the copyright.

# CHEER FOR OLD AMHERST.

march in bold ar - ray, So ev - 'ry bod - y shout and sing, for  
drive de - feat a - way, So ev - 'ry bod - y shout and sing, for

This system contains the first vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef with chords and moving lines.

CHORUS.

this is old Am - herst's day. Cheer for .. old Am - herst, Am - herst must win, . . .

The second system begins the chorus. It features a key signature change to D major (two sharps) and a time signature change to 2/4. The vocal line and piano accompaniment continue with the chorus melody.

Fight to .. the fin - ish, Nev - er .. give in .. All play your best, boys,

The third system continues the chorus in D major, 2/4 time. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown.

We'll do .. the rest, boys, Fight for .. the vie - to - ry. . . . .

The fourth system concludes the chorus. It continues in D major, 2/4 time, ending with a double bar line. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown.

## THE YELLOW AND BLUE.


UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Words by Charles Gayley.

Music by Balfe.

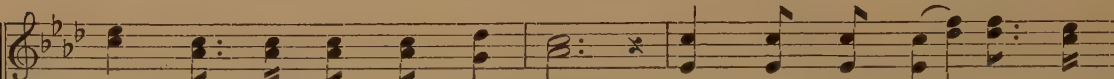
*With animation. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)*

TENORS.




1. Sing to the col - ors that float in the light; Hur -  
 2. Blue are the bil - lows that bow to the sun When  
 3. Here's to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear; . .

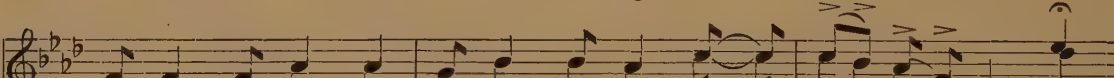
BASSES.




rah for the Yel - low and Blue! Yel - low the stars as they  
 yel - low - robed morn - ing is due; Blue are the cur - tains that  
 Here's to the hearts that are true! Here's to the maid of the



ride thro' the night, And reel in a rol - lick - ing crew; Yel - low the fields where  
 eve - ning has spun, The slum - bers of Phœ - bus to woo; Blue are the blos - soms to  
 gold - en hair, And eyes that are brimming with blue! Gar - lands of blue - bells and



rip - ens the grain, And yel - low the moon on the har - vest - wain; Hail!  
 mem - o - ry dear, And blue is the sap - phire, and gleams like a tear; Hail!  
 maize in - ter - twine; And hearts that are true and . . voi - ces com - bine; Hail!



Hail to the col - ors that float in the light; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!  
 Hail to the rib - bons that na - ture has spun; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!  
 Hail to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!

Copyright, 1889, by CHARLES GAYLEY, F. N. SCOTT, and A. A. STANLEY.



# HAIL, PENNSYLVANIA!

## UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Words by Edgar M. Dilley.

Air, "Russian National Anthem."

UNISON.

1. Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a! No - ble and strong; To thee with  
 2. Ma - jes - ty as a crown Rests on thy brow; Pride, Hon - or,  
 3. Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a! Guide of our youth; Lead thou thy

*Maestoso.*

loy - al hearts, We raise our song. Swell - ing to Heav - en loud,  
 Glo - ry, Love, Be - fore thee bow. Ne'er can thy spir - it die,  
 chil - dren on To light and truth; Thee, when death sum - mons us,

Our prais - es ring; Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a, Of thee we sing!  
 Thy walls de - cay; Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a, For thee we pray!  
 Oth - ers shall praise, Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a, Thro' end - less days!

From Pennsylvania Songs.

# CAMPUS SONG.

(UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER.)

Words by Joseph L. O'Connor.

Music by Norman Nairn.

*Allegro moderato.*

*mf* Melody in 2d Tenor.

1. You may talk of the halls of your col - lege, You may talk of the men it's  
2. When mem - 'ry harks back to your col - lege, When you're old and bent and

bred: You may talk of the life you knew there, But when ev'rything's done and said,  
gray, Your thoughts will turn to your cam - pus, And to ma - ny a hap - py day

Tho' you trav - el the whole world o - ver, ... And the fair - est sights have seen, There'll be  
When in care - free youth you wan - dered Thro' the mem - 'ry pic - tured scene, And you'll

noth - ing your mem - 'ry will dwell on, Like the thoughts of your old col - lege green.  
long for a day of your boy - hood, And an hour on the old col - lege green.

Used by permission.

# CAMPUS SONG.

## CHORUS.

Where do the fel - lows as twi - light falls, Gath - er to talk o'er the

day?..... Here 'neath the shade of the col - lege walls, they

while an hour a - way; Gath - er to tell of the

deeds well done, In the days of long a - go;..... What his

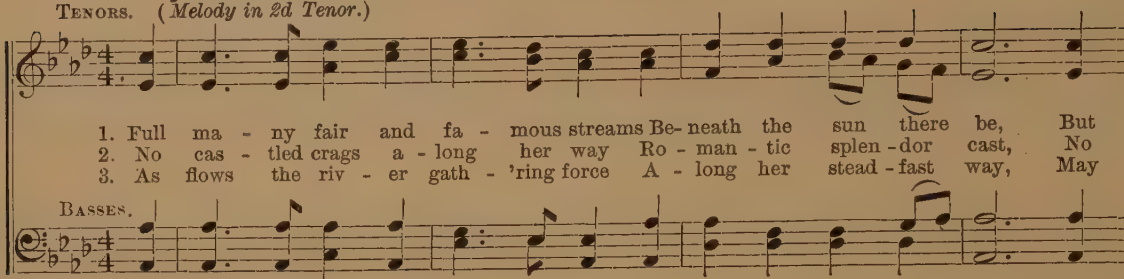
cam - pus means to a col - lege man, but a col - lege man can know.....

# THE GENESEE.

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER.

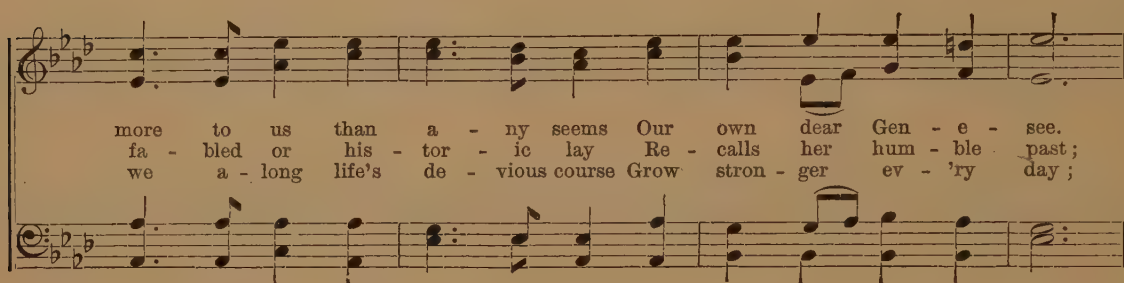
Words by B. Holmes Wallace.

TENORS. (*Melody in 2d Tenor.*)

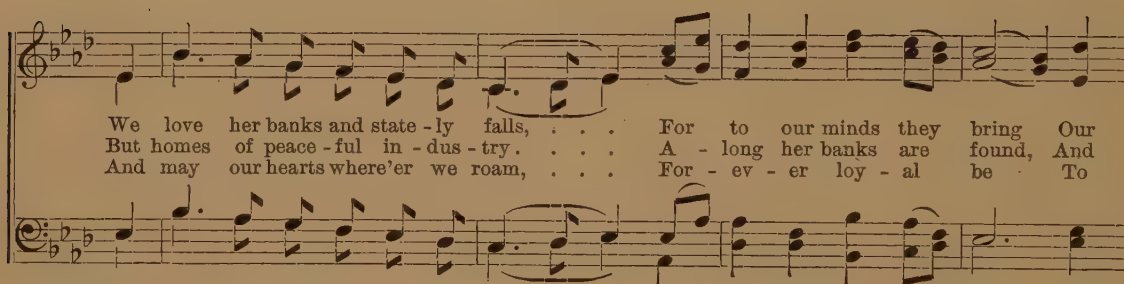


1. Full ma - ny fair and fa - mous streams Be - neath the sun there be, But  
 2. No cas - tled crags a - long her way Ro - man - tic splen - dor cast, No  
 3. As flows the riv - er gath - 'ring force A - long her stead - fast way, May

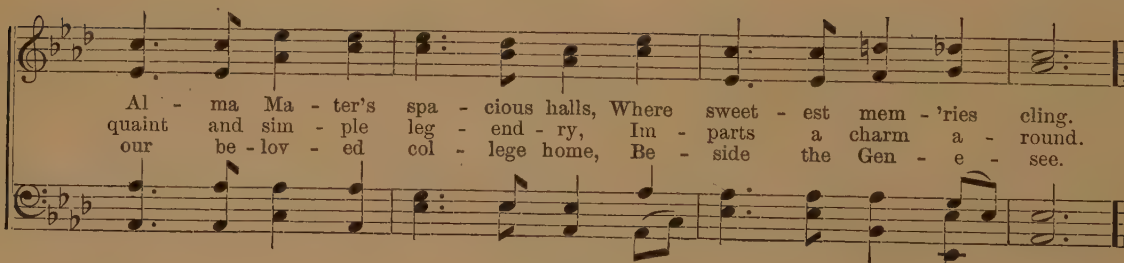
BASSES.



more to us than a - ny seems Our own dear Gen - e - see.  
 fa - bled or his - tor - ic lay Re - calls her hum - ble past;  
 we a - long life's de - vious course Grow stron - ger ev - 'ry day;



We love her banks and state - ly falls, . . . For to our minds they bring Our  
 But homes of peace - ful in - dus - try. . . . A - long her banks are found, And  
 And may our hearts where'er we roam, . . . For - ev - er loy - al be To



Al - ma Ma - ter's spa - cious halls, Where sweet - est mem - 'ries cling.  
 quaint and sim - ple leg - end - ry, Im - parts a charm a - round.  
 our be - lov - ed col - lege home, Be - side the Gen - e - see.

By permission.



# HAMILTON'S SONG.

HAMILTON COLLEGE.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Dear is thy home-stead glade and glen, Fair is the light that crowns thy brow;  
 2. Haunt-ing our hearts in at-sent days, Call-ing us back from stress and storm,  
 3. Mem-o-ry still shall close en-fold, Whis-per-ing on, thy mys-tic joys;

TENOR AND BASS.

Gath-er we close to thee a-gain,—Moth-er of loy-al  
 Ten-der-ly all the good old ways Shine in thy smiles; be  
 Faith shall thy con-stant fame up-hold; While years—Ca-ris-si-

stead-fast men, Our own sweet La-dy thou! Our own sweet La-dy thou!  
 love thy praise! Thine arms are ev-er warm, Thine arms are ev-er warm.  
 ma! grow cold, We still will be thy boys, We still will be thy boys.

By permission.

# OH, SYRACUSE.

Words by H. S. Lee.

Arranged.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

*mf*  
 1. Oh, Sy-ra-cuse! may thy golden star Ev-er as-cend to the heav'ns blue a-far;  
 2. Oh, Sy-ra-cuse! thro' our col-lege days, Ev-er to thee, we will sing all our praise;  
 3. Oh, Sy-ra-cuse! Al-ma Ma-ter dear, Hon-or is thine and thy sons all re-ver-e;

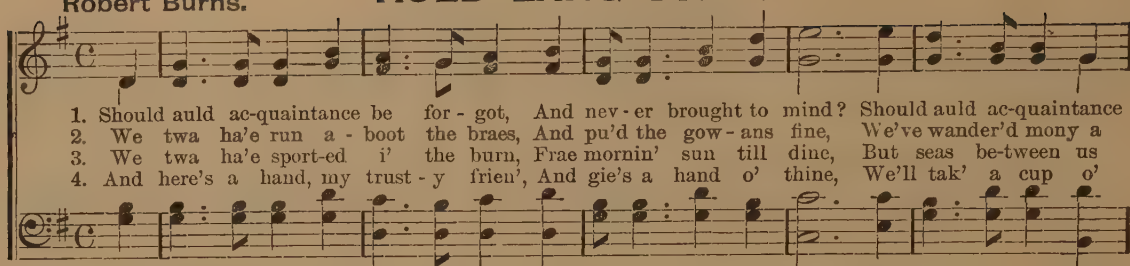
TENOR AND BASS.

*mf*  
 Guid-ing us on to our des-ti-ny; Dear Sy-ra-cuse! our hearts beat for thee.  
 And in our hearts with a glad re-frain, Oh, Sy-ra-cuse! we praise thee a-gain.  
 Thy mem-o-ry and thy spread of fame, Oh, Sy-ra-cuse, no-ble is thy name.

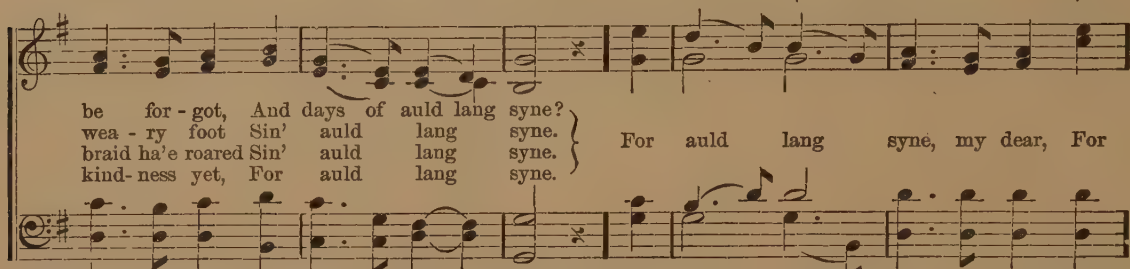
By permission.

Robert Burns.

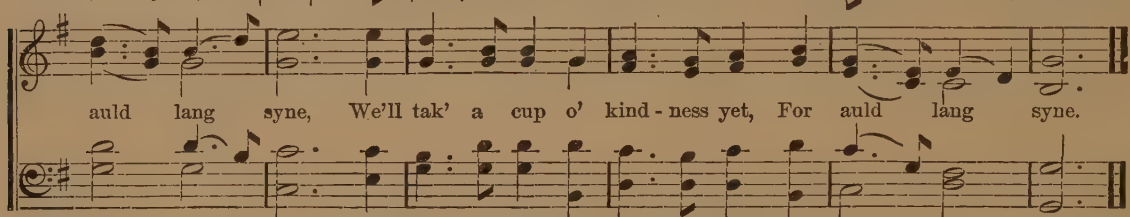
## AULD LANG SYNE.



1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance  
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a  
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dinc, But seas be-tween us  
4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'



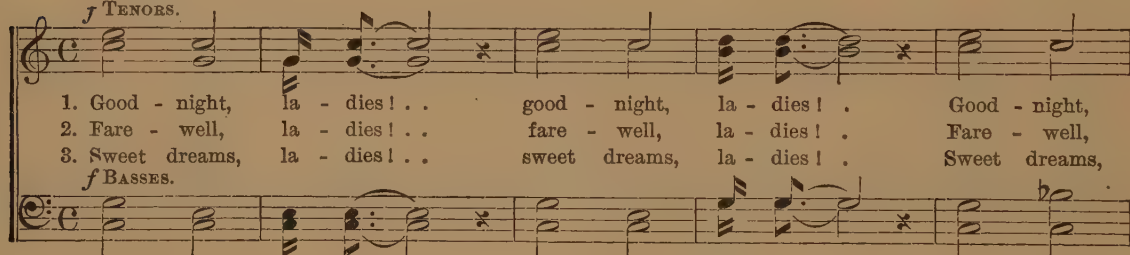
be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?  
wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne. } For auld lang syne, my dear, For  
braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.  
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.



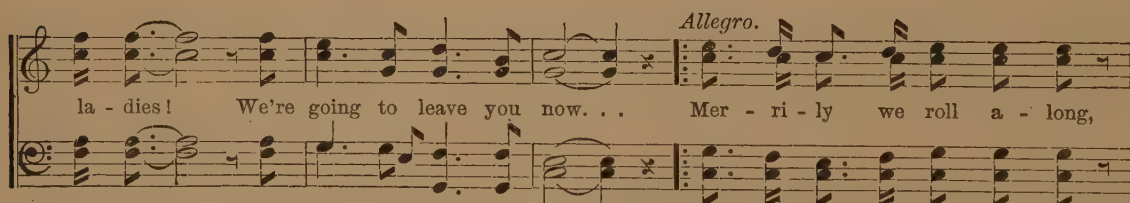
auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

## GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

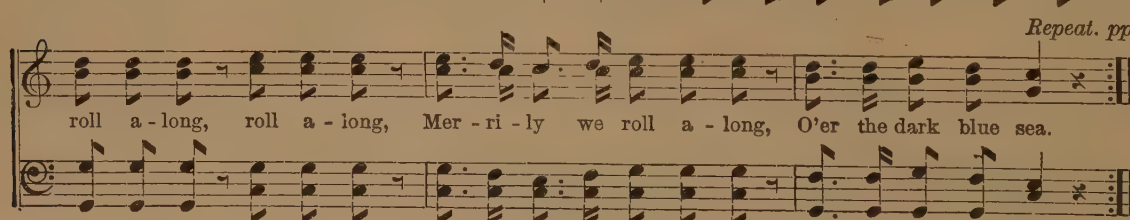
*Sostenuto.*  
*f* TENORS.



1. Good - night, la - dies! . . . good - night, la - dies! . . . Good - night,  
2. Fare - well, la - dies! . . . fare - well, la - dies! . . . Fare - well,  
3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! . . . sweet dreams, la - dies! . . . Sweet dreams,  
*f* BASSES.



la - dies! We're going to leave you now. . . Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,



roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

















P8-BGJ-335

